

VOL. VII. No. 38.

Spokane
Public Library
RESTRICTED

FEBRUARY 1928.

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS



MONTHLY, HALF-A-CROWN net.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 6 ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2.

PUBLISHED BY THE APOLLO PRESS, LIMITED, 6 ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2.

Advertisements

P. & D. COLNAGHI & C^o.



BY APPOINTMENT

ESTABLISHED 1760.

Paintings, Drawings,
Engravings, Etchings,

ETC., by the

OLD & MODERN MASTERS

COLLECTIONS BOUGHT "EN BLOC"

Galleries:

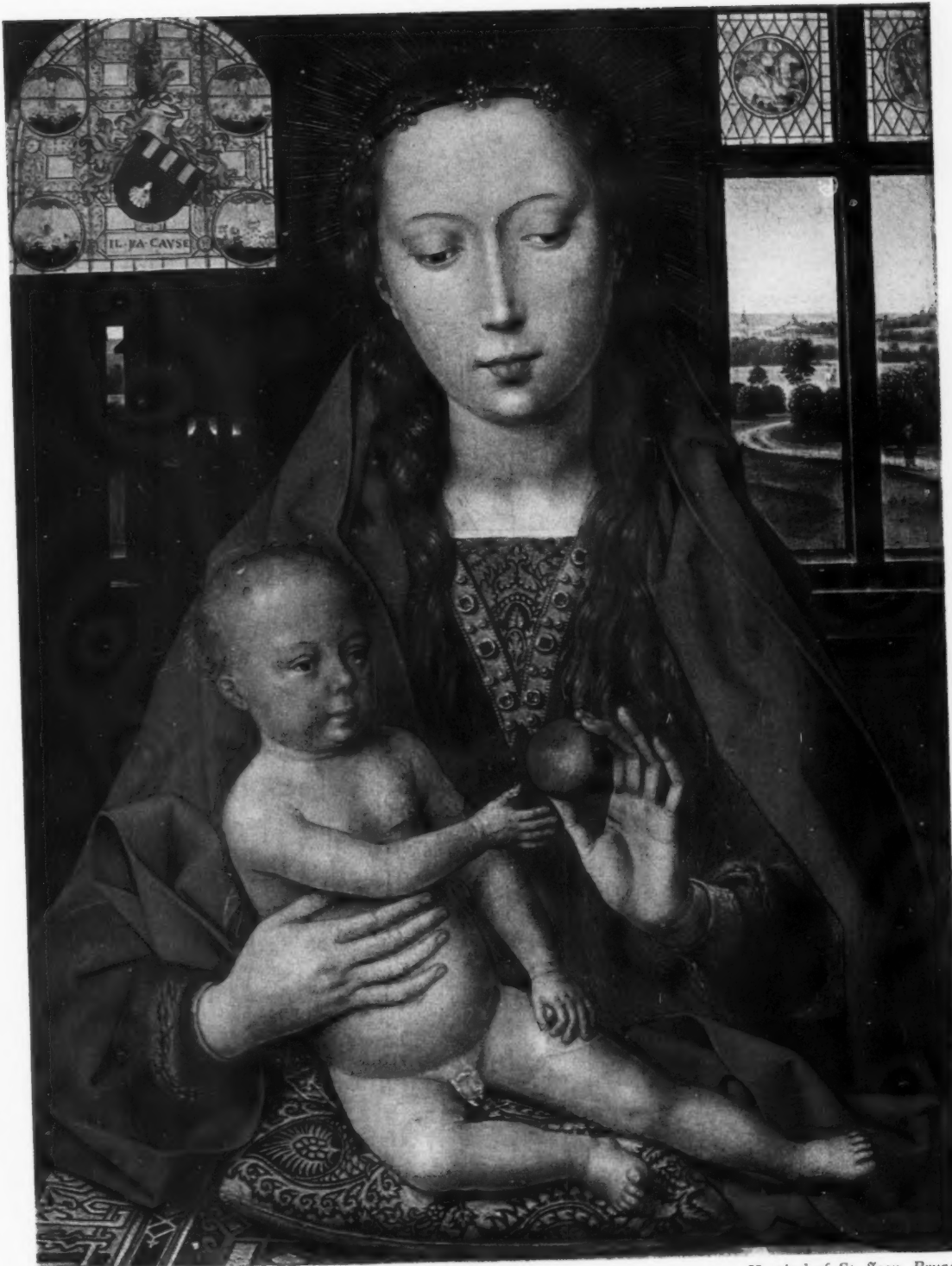
144, 145, 146 NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "COLNAGHI, WESDO, LONDON."

Telephone: MAYFAIR 6356 (3 lines).

Cables: "COLNAGHI, LONDON."

Advertisements



Specimen colour plate from "Flemish and Belgian Art"

Hospital of St. Jean, Bruges

THE MADONNA AND CHILD
By Hans Memling

Advertisements



"PINKIE."
(Miss Mary Moulton Barrett.)
By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

*TO ALL
SUBSCRIBERS
OF "APOLLO"*

We offer all
Annual Subscribers to
"Apollo," 2s.,
the choice of these
beautiful reproductions in
colour facsimile 3s.

We offer all
Subscribers with
£3 4s. 0d. per
Subscription, 10s.,
both these rates.

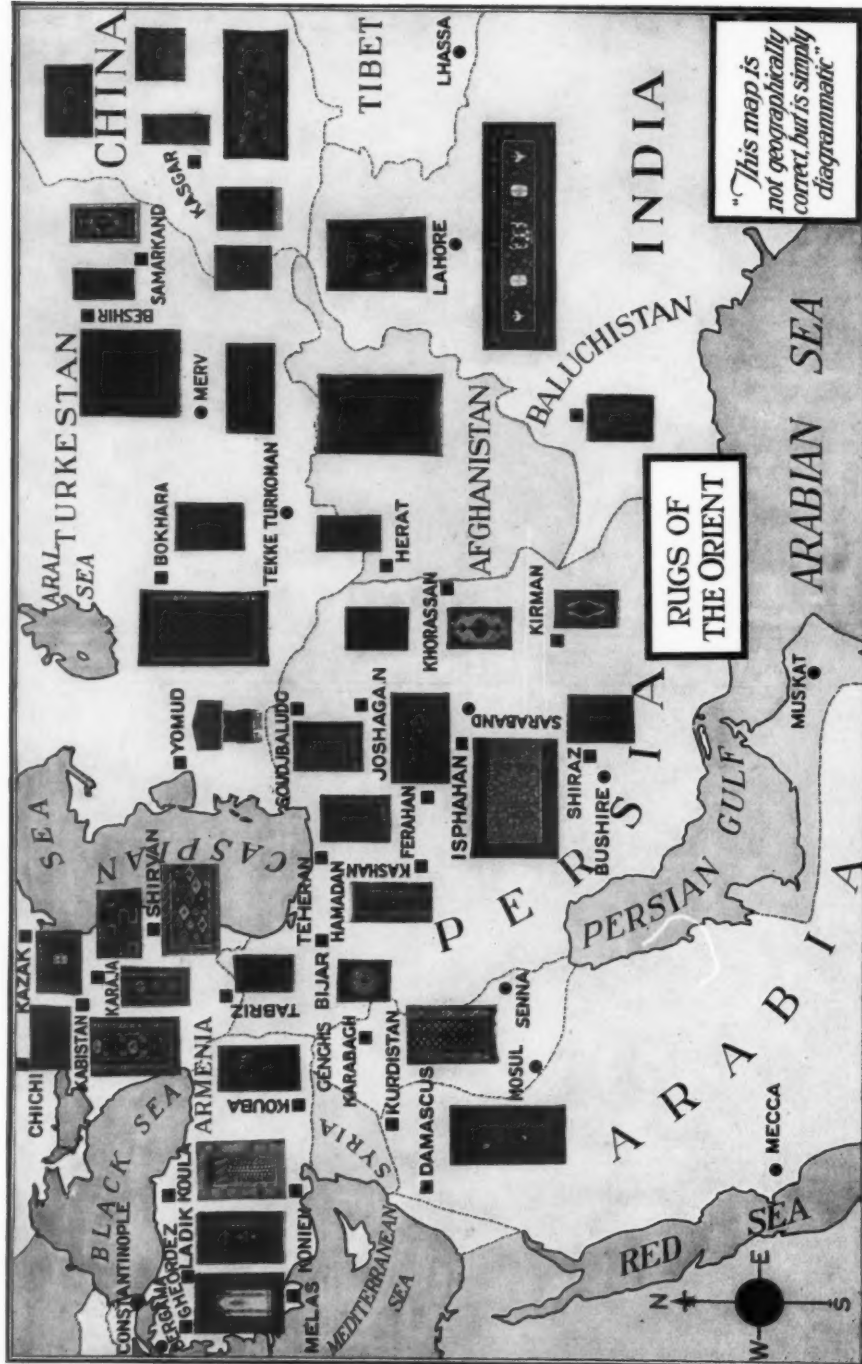
"APOLLON"

6 ROBERT PHILIP
LONDON

Advertisements



MRS. DAVENPORT.
By Geo. Romney, R.A.



THE ORIGINAL OF THIS LARGE SCALE MAP IS ON VIEW AT

JEKYLL'S Ltd., 10, BERKELEY STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Reproductions in colour, size 22 in. by 17 in., in convenient folder form, on sale at 25/- each.

A BOOKLET ON THE CARE OF OLD RUGS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Telephone : MAYFAIR 1249.

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

VOL. 7



NO. 38.

FEBRUARY

1928

LONDON

THE APOLLO PRESS LIMITED

SIX ROBERT STREET ADELPHI

RHYS-JENKINS

APOLLO

A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

Vol. VII. No. 38

CONTENTS

February 1928

	PAGE
Titian at Hampton Court Palace. By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.	47
The Iveagh Bequest—II. By J. B. MANSON	53
A Masterpiece by Titian. By TANCRED BORENIUS	61
Some Old English Clocks. By BRIAN C. CLAYTON	62
The Sisley Compromise. By R. H. WILENSKI	69
Rex Whistler's Decoration of the Refreshment Room in the Tate Gallery	75
A Gossip about Prints. By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN	77
Correspondence	80
Letter from Paris. By ANDRÉ SALMON	82
Letter from Berlin. By OSCAR BIE	84
Book Reviews	86
Music of the Month. By H. E. WORTHAM	91
Art News and Notes	93

LIST OF COLOUR PLATES

Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine. By TITIAN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Portrait of the Painter. By REMBRANDT	<i>To face page 53</i>
The Children of J. J. Angerstein, Esq. By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS	" " 56
Miss Martindale. By GEORGE ROMNEY	" " 56
Judith and Holofernes. By TITIAN	" " 61
Portrait of a Rabbi. By REMBRANDT	" " 62
Portrait of a Woman. By REMBRANDT	" " 84

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for damage to MSS. and Photos, though every care will be taken.

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES : 6 ROBERT STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone : Gerrard 5477.

APOLLO IS PUBLISHED AT TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION,
THIRTY-TWO SHILLINGS, Post Free, in the United Kingdom and Canada, THIRTY-FIVE SHILLINGS
to all other Countries

Obtainable at all Bookstalls in the United Kingdom.

AMSTERDAM: J. G. Robbers, Singel 151-153.

BERLIN: Messrs. Reuss & Pollack, Kurfürstendamm, 220, W. 15.

STOCKHOLM: Messrs. Fritzes Hofbokhandel.

PARIS: W. H. Smith & Son, Rue de Rivoli.

OSLO: Sverre Mortensen.

APOLLO is registered for transmission to Canada and Newfoundland at the Magazine rate of postage.





TITIAN AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.

IT is only within recent years that the importance of that portion of the Royal Collection which is housed in Hampton Court Palace has attracted the attention of art students. A few outstanding pictures had become well known, and found their way into text-books, but the bulk of the collection had been neglected. Indeed, this neglect was due not only to the want of appreciation by

as a Royal residence. The rearrangement of works of art in the other palaces affected Hampton Court, in that certain pictures were sent to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, and others removed from these and other palaces to Hampton Court. At the same time a considerable number of pictures of little interest or artistic merit were withdrawn from Hampton Court Palace and distributed



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH S. BRIDGET (?)
AND S. ULPHUS (?) (Law, Cat. 1827, No. 75)

*By gracious permission
of H.M. The King*

visitors, but to the sad condition in which many of the pictures had been allowed to fall through motives of economy and indifference. With the twentieth century and the accession of King Edward VII a new spirit was allowed to prevail and, indeed, was encouraged at Hampton Court. The King, although unable to visit his palace except on rare occasions, took a great interest in the building and its contents, and even toyed with the idea of restoring it

elsewhere to garnish rooms without intruding on the wall-space required to display the more important part of the royal collection. The crowded appearance of the walls in Hampton Court Palace was thus relieved, and the interest of the pictures which remained considerably enhanced. A certain number of pictures was taken in hand for repair and cleaning, but it was not until a few years ago that sufficient money could be allotted from

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

His Majesty's privy purse to cope with the amount of restoratory work, the necessity of which was so painfully evident. During the last few years also the vacating of a number of rooms in which the work of restoring embroideries and tapestries had been carried on, made it possible to carry out a further scheme of rearrangement. Both rearrangement and restoration of the greater number of pictures are for the time being completed, so that the galleries at Hampton Court Palace can now take their place as one of the most important picture galleries in Europe.

These galleries contain the greater part of the famous collection formed by Charles I, the

The history of the Mantua Collection may be told shortly as follows. More ample details are given by Signor Alessandro Luzio in various published works.* The early Gonzagas were liberal and intelligent patrons of art, and direct employers of eminent artists. Marchese Gian Francesco is noted for his employment of Pisanello, and Marchese Lodovico, his son, has attained artistic immortality, with his wife, Barbara of Brandenburg, as the patron and employer of Andrea Mantegna. To them succeeded his son, Marchese Francesco, the victor of Fornovo, and his famous wife, Isabella d'Este. In their capable hands the patronage and the employment of art and



MADONNA WITH TOBIAS

By gracious permission of H.M. The King

jewels of which were sold to foreigners by the Parliament to defray the outstanding liabilities of the dethroned King's household. Several pictures still remaining at Hampton Court formed part of the great collection of the Duke of Mantua, acquired by Charles I towards the end of his reign. These pictures, and others acquired for the royal collection at subsequent dates, form the nucleus of the Italian pictures now on view at Hampton Court. Mantegna, Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Lotto, Bassano, Francia, Dosso Dossi, Giulio Romano, to mention only a few names of note, can be studied on the walls of Hampton Court. It is proposed in the present article to discuss the pictures ascribed to Titian in this collection.

artists reached a high-water mark. These were extended to such famous artists, including Mantegna, as Leonardo da Vinci, Francia, Perugino, Raffaello, Correggio, Carpaccio, Sodoma, Dosso, Bonsignori, Giulio Romano, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Titian. Few names have attained such an honourable mention in the history of painting as that of Isabella d'Este.

After Francesco, who died in 1519, came Marchese Federico, and his wife, Margherita Paleologa, who were the first to devise a special gallery to contain their collection of pictures and other works of art. Federico was elevated

* Especially *La Galleria dei Gonzaga Venduta all' Inghilterra nel 1627-28*, da A. Luzio, Milano, 1913.

Titian at Hampton Court Palace

to the rank of duke, and for him Titian executed several important works. The next duke, Guglielmo, carried out the scheme of a picture gallery, his wife, Eleonora of Hapsburg, being fired to emulation of her nephew, the Emperor Rudolf II, the first great omnivorous collector of works of art of every description, including curiosities. Then came Duke Vincenzo I, who carried the collecting mania to an extreme, aided by the purse and the mercantile proclivities of his wife, Eleonora de' Medicis. Then came the decay under Duke Francesco II and his brother Duke Ferdinand, the whilom Cardinal, ending with the reckless spendthrift, their youngest brother, Vincenzo II, last of the Dukes of Mantua, who contemplated the sale of this collection to his cousin, the King of England—a sale actually carried out by his heir, Carlo Gonzaga, Duc de Nevers, in France. The cultivated patronage of the early Gonzagas had run to waste in the hands of these disreputable dukes.

It is not intended in this article to narrate the details of the sale of the bulk of the Mantuan collection to King Charles I, details of which have been given by Signor Luzio,* to describe the King's collection, which has been done by the late Sir Claude Phillips,† or to state what pictures were sold to foreign buyers by the Commonwealth. A certain number of pictures remain to this day at Hampton Court, ascribed or attributed to Titian, and with some of these the following notes are concerned.

Passing over the famous portrait of a man—sometimes known in error as "Alessandro de' Medicis," which is so well known and so universally accepted as the work of Titian that it needs no comment here—the first picture to be noted is "The Virgin and Child with S. Bridget(?) and S. Ulphus(?)" (Law, cat. 1827, No. 75). This picture (panel 30 × 47 in.) is a replica, or rather variant, of a similar painting, formerly in the Escorial and now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, where it is attributed to Titian. It is probably identical with the picture catalogued at the Escorial as the "Madona, St. Catherine, and St. George, by Giorgione or Titian." If it be conceded that the picture at Hampton Court has not at first sight the force and brilliancy of the picture at Madrid, it must be noted that the panel

bears the brand of King Charles I, who not only saw his pictures in an earlier and purer state, but was as good a connoisseur of pictures as Signor Cavalcaselle, Signor Morelli, or even Dr. Gronau, or any modern expert who may have to judge a picture which has undergone three centuries of exposure and, in some



LUCRETIA

By gracious permission of H.M. The King

cases, as in the case of this picture, such unfortunate treatment that it may be looked upon as the ghost of its former self. In Charles I's collection the picture seems to have borne the name of Palma, and it is only in recent years that it has been attributed to Titian or regarded as a version of the painting by Titian at Madrid.

* *Loc. cit.*

† *Portfolio Monographs*, No. 25.

It is not clear upon what grounds the female figure offering a wreath to, or receiving it from, the Infant Christ has been called S. Bridget. There is no saintly attribute and the figure seems to be a portrait. A step further in inaccuracy was taken by discovering in the armoured figure behind an obscure saint, called Hulfus, the brother of S. Bridget, although he would be a most unlikely saint to occur in a Venetian altarpiece. It does not seem to have been noticed that this figure in armour is a portrait of Francesco Gonzaga, Marquess of Mantua, the victor of Fornovo, and corresponds fairly well to his portrait in the famous "Madonna della Vittoria," by Mantegna, and to the portrait by Bonsignori, reproduced by Signor Luzio.* In these circumstances it might be assumed that his companion, the short stout lady who makes the offering of the wreath, is the famous Marchesa Isabella d'Este, whose portraiture has a chapter in the history of art all to itself, in which the vagaries of her appearance and costume are set forth.† It is well known that Titian worked for Isabella, as he did for her son Federico, but the first known mention of him in connection with the Court of Mantua is in 1519, in which year Marchese Francesco died, while the technique in the painting at Madrid and the echo of the same in that at Hampton Court seems to point to a date about ten years earlier, before Isabella had heard of Titian. Isabella did try to obtain a painting by Giorgione in October 1510, but was too late, for the painter was already dead. Her agent in Venice, Albano, may have recommended Titian as a substitute on the ground that he had taken over Giorgione's unfinished commissions.

The next picture to be considered (Law, 172) is "The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine." This painting has long hung hardly noticed and quite unappreciated. So much disfigured was it by discoloured and opaque varnish that it was generally dismissed curtly as not by Titian (canvas 28 × 38 in.). During a recent cleaning the obscuring dirt and varnish was removed, and revealed such a brilliant scheme of colour and composition that it called for closer attention. The Virgin sits inclined towards the right, with the Infant Christ on her knees, who leans forward and places a ring on the finger of S. Catherine's right hand. The saint leans

forward to receive the ring, clad in a crimson dress with a brilliant green mantle. On her hair, of which one tress is plaited round her head, she wears a band of jewels and a wreath of orange blossom, such a wreath being a favourite *motif* of Titian in his early work. On the left, below the Virgin and Child, is the infant St. John, with a scroll, on which is written ECCE AGNUS (see Colour Plate). So beautiful is the colour and composition, so characteristic of Titian's Giorgionesque or, perhaps, Palmesque period, that one seems justified in assigning this picture to Titian himself. In this case it may be identified with the picture catalogued at Mantua as "un quadro dipintovi la Madonna con il bambino in braccio et S. Catterina con cornice di violino, opera di Titiano. L. 240." A picture of "The Madonna with S. Catherine and St. John," by Titian, was also in the Escorial.

Another painting in which the hand of Titian can be discerned (Law, 133) represents the Virgin in a blue mantle, seated in a landscape near a rose bush, with the infant Christ at her side. In the background is seen Tobias and his dog, with the angel Raphael (panel 33 × 47 in.). This picture was, in 1642, in the possession of a Dutch amateur, Van Reynst, one of the chief purchasers at King Charles's sale, where it was seen by Ridolfi,* who described it as "una della singolari fatiche di Titiano." At the Restoration it was one of the pictures purchased by the Dutch States-General from Van Reynst and presented to King Charles II. It appears in the catalogue of King James II's pictures (1688) as "No. 431. The best Madona with Tobit and the Angel. By Titian." With such a pedigree it seems difficult to reject this picture as the work of Titian, even if it has suffered so much in the course of time that its pristine beauty has been marred.

Another painting, which can be attributed with even greater certainty to Titian (Law, 108), represents "Lucretia" standing at full length, nude, in the act of stabbing herself (canvas, 38 × 26 in.). This can safely be identified with the entry in King Charles I's catalogue: "No. 1. A standing Lucretia, holding with her left hand a red veil over her face, and a dagger in her other hand to stab herself; an entire figure, half so big as the life, in a

* *Loc. cit.*

† See Luzio. *Ritratti d' Isabella d' Este*.

* *Maraviglie dell' Arte della Pittura*, vol. i, p. 62.

Titian at Hampton Court Palace

black ebony waved frame, painted upon the right light. A Mantua piece, done by Titian."

The catalogue of the Mantua Gallery, as transcribed by Luzio, gives two paintings of Lucretia, ascribed to Titian. "Un quadro con sopra dipinto una Lucretia romana di mano di Titiano, con cornice de violino, stimato scuti 60. L. 360." And "un quadro

small to the life, by Titian." In the face of such evidence it would seem impossible to do other than ascribe this "Lucretia" to Titian. The picture, moreover, speaks for itself—there does not seem to be any valid reason for rejecting it as a genuine work by Titian.

Two other paintings at Hampton Court Palace, ascribed to Titian, but not generally



PORTRAIT OF A MAN

By gracious permission of H. M. The King

dipintovi una Lucretia romana iniuda opera di Titiano con cornice di noce. L. 160."

As the second entry describes the figure as nude, it is probably this latter painting which is to be seen at Hampton Court today.

At the sale of King Charles I's collection, the "Lucretia" by Titian was sold to Mr. Baggley in 1651 for the large sum of £200, but was evidently recovered at the Restoration, as it reappears in King James II's catalogue, "No. 480. A Lucretia with a red mantle,

accepted by him, are worthy all the same of note. One of them, "S. Mary Magdalene" (Law, 566), bears the brand of King Charles I on the back (canvas, 48 × 39 in.), and is apparently identical with the picture catalogued as "A Mary Magdalene, with folded hands, turning her head towards the right shoulder; half a figure so big as the life, in an old all over gilded frame. Done by Titian."

Titian's sensuous rendering of this popular saint created a demand for a repetition from

many of the art patrons in Europe. It must have been a stock subject in Titian's atelier at Venice. As to which of these renderings of the Magdalene may be the original, which painted by Titian himself, and which merely issued from his studio, many pages might be written, and a collection of reproductions side by side might lead to some result. At Mantua there is entered in the catalogue, "un quadro copia della Madalena di Titiano. L. 24," and this appears to have been all that Titian was able or willing to supply. This copy is probably the picture now at Hampton Court.

Another popular painting by Titian in the same category was that of "The Toilet of Venus," representing a beautiful Venetian woman putting on or off her smock before a looking-glass. Several versions of this composition exist, one at Hampton Court (Law, 576). Here again it would be desirable to collect all the various versions together before pronouncing upon their varying claims to authenticity. The demand for such sensuous paintings was great, and Titian's studio had to supply it.

There remains to be considered one of the most difficult problems in attribution—that of portraits of the Venetian school. Hampton Court Palace is, perhaps, one of the best places in which such problems can be studied. Old inventories too often give so meagre a description of a portrait that identification can never be secure. The succession of portraits beginning with Giorgione, Palma, and the young Titian extends itself throughout Titian's long life; while not only Titian himself, but Tintoretto varied his technique with advancing years. In the collection at Hampton Court the earlier stage of Titian's art is represented by the so-called portrait of Alessandro de' Medici. Among the quantity of fine Venetian portraits at Hampton Court a few others, though perhaps very few, may be regarded as worthy of this great painter's hand.

Meanwhile it should be noted that Tintoretto, at the outset of his career, was a pupil and assistant of Titian, from whom he learnt all the secrets of his master's inspiration and technique at this period. Until the breach of relations between Titian and Tintoretto, after which Tintoretto developed a more distinct style of his own, there are good reasons for difficulty in allotting for certainty some of the portraits attributed to one or other of these great painters. Then under Titian's influence

there grew up painters in his atelier such as the Netherlander, Jan Joest van Calcar, who were careful and successful imitators of their master's methods. Then came Paris Bordone and other quite good painters. Finally, there appeared on the scene the family of Da Ponte at Bassano, who collected all the formulas of the Venetian school, and threw out scores of portraits, often of great excellence, for two or three generations.

One of the portraits at Hampton Court Palace (Law, 117) needs very careful consideration (canvas 45 × 38 in.). It represents a man at half-length standing by a table and holding a golden apple in his left hand. With his right hand he holds a book, his fingers inserted in the pages. In the background is a bracket, or niche, with a statuette of Apollo. He is bareheaded, with brown, close-cut hair, and in some ways resembles the so-called "Young Englishman" in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. In former years it was known by the fantastic title of "Titian's Uncle," while elsewhere it was supposed to represent the poet Parthenio, a friend and admirer of Titian. The picture has, unfortunately, suffered greatly by the ravages of time, but until recent years was accepted as the work of Titian. Later critics refused to accept this, and eventually the portrait was attributed to Jacopo Bassano. The picture, however, seems to speak for itself as the creation of Titian. Bassano never had the poetry of interpretation which is always to be found in the work of Titian. Possibly a careful restoration might reveal new beauties, and enable this fine portrait to reassert its position.

The above notes are intended to lay stress upon the importance of regarding the collection of pictures at Hampton Court Palace, at all events the majority of them, as of the highest importance. In some cases a century or more of actual neglect had made some pictures almost impervious to just criticism; in others injudicious renovations had destroyed some of the pristine charm of the painter's art. It is now possible to appreciate better many almost unknown paintings of great interest and value, though the problems still calling for solution are so numerous that a zealous student might spend years in trying to solve them. The fact that the collection contains very few pictures as late as the eighteenth century makes the collection easier ground for the student to work on.



s
e
e
s
A
t
e
s
s
f
s
t
,
n
t
t
s
-
a.



THE IVEAGH BEQUEST—II

By J. B. MANSON

Reproductions by permission of the Trustees of the Iveagh Bequest



JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND

By Sir Anthony Van Dyck

A COLLECTION of pictures has many interests other than the purely æsthetic one, which is the narrowest in its appeal as there are so few capable of responding to it. Yet it is strictly by its qualities as a work of art that a picture survives.

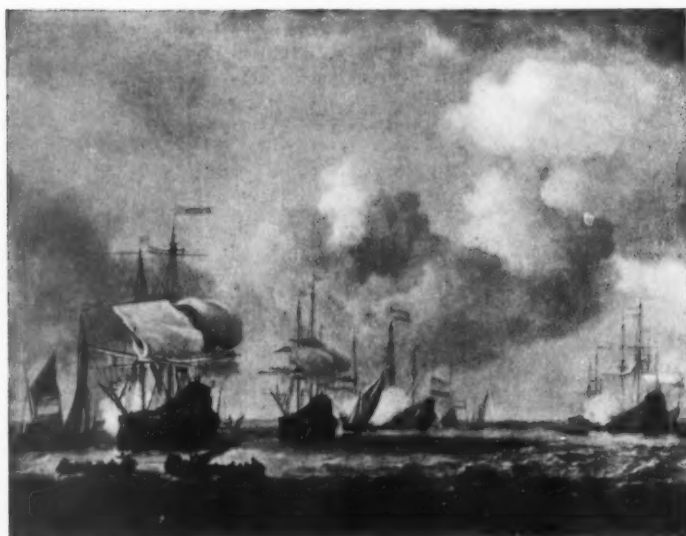
The historical aspect is of more immediate interest, for there is a general curiosity about the circumstances of the life of a past age. As Sir Charles Holmes, in his admirable book on the National Gallery, says of the Beaumont Family, the Romney *chef d'œuvre* in that collection, "nowhere else do we see quite so clearly the young people of the age as they really were."

The picturesque appearance of the personalities of the period and something of the

serener aspects of the elegant life in eighteenth-century England are recorded in the Iveagh bequest.

The more popular, if less worthy, appetite, the appetite for prettiness and cleverness, is also satisfied.

The curious craving for what is called the "grand" manner, which most of the eighteenth-century painters experienced, pervades many of the portraits; while such pictures as Reynolds's "Infant Academy" and "Venus Chiding Cupid" might be called exercises in the "baby grand" manner. Romney longed to paint "grand" decorations; fortunately he was prevented. Gainsborough alone, it seems, did not experience this desire. There was nothing pompous in the East Anglian master's constellation. He was always



SEASCAPE

William Van der Velde

delightfully human. Look at his vigorous painting of "Two Shepherd Boys with Dogs Fighting." It is an unconventional aside in the impressive list of his paintings of portraits. The actual work shows that he enjoyed painting it even if we had no other record of his pleasure.

It was one of the "pictures of the year" at the Royal Academy of 1783, and writing to Sir William Chambers, R.A., Gainsborough said: "I sent my Fighting Dogs to divert you. I believe next exhibition I shall make the boys fighting and the dogs looking on; you know my cunning way of avoiding great subjects in painting, and of concealing my ignorance by a flash in the pan. . . . If I can pick pockets in the portrait way two or three years longer I intend to sneak into a cot, and turn a serious fellow. I know you think me right, and can look upon cock-sparrow with compassion."

The picture was bought by Mr. Tollemache. All this is recorded in Mr. W. T. Whitley's admirable book.

Gainsborough expresses an ambition which will appeal to many, although, I am afraid, he never had the opportunity of turning into "a serious fellow."

The ignorance he concealed was probably an ignorance of the ways of Rome—a fortunate ignorance.

Reynolds, on the other hand, knew Rome, and was, at times, "grand" enough. He could rise to great heights, as in his portrait of Nelly O'Brien. But he came pretty near to converting portrait-painting into a manufactory. He was like a popular physician or a bonesetter, and had a long waiting list. Sometimes he had six sitters in a day and often sent portraits home before they were dry. And, no doubt, like other successful portrait-painters, he employed Van Haaken to paint his draperies.

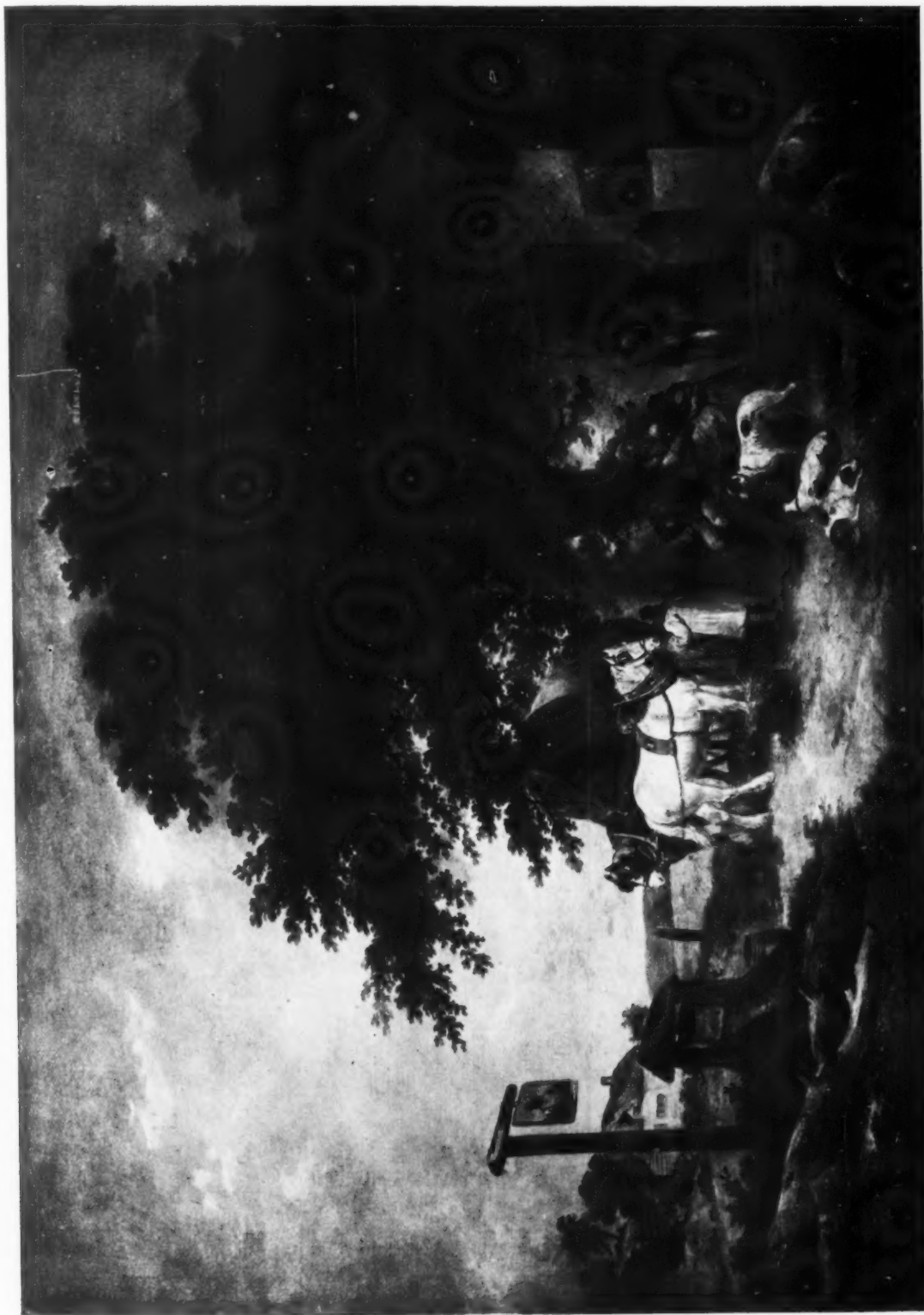
The painting of "Venus Chiding Cupid for Learning to Cast Accounts" is a pretty exercise in a curiously childish humour. The



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

Giovanni F. Guardi

The Iveagh Bequest



George Morland

LANDSCAPE, WITH FIGURES AT THE DOOR OF AN INN

760P



FETE-CHAMPÊTRE

Jean Baptiste Joseph Pater

Bolingbroke, who begged Reynolds to "give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien or it will not do."

Later she married the Hon. Topham Beauclerc. The picture has been often engraved.

Reynolds frequently painted Mrs. Musters. The Iveagh picture was, I think, the one painted in 1782, and paid for in the sum of £78 15s. six years later. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785.

picture was at the Royal Academy in 1771, when it passed into the collection of the Earl of Charlemont.

The portrait of Lady Diana Beauclerc was painted in 1764. She sat for the portrait in June of that year, and again in January 1765. The picture was paid for in November 1764, and cost £52 10s.

Lady Diana was a daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough. At the time she was married to the second Viscount



FÊTE-CHAMPÊTRE

Jean Baptiste Joseph Pater





The Iveagh Bequest

Walpole didn't like it. He said it was "flat and one of his worst." But art-critics, including the present writer, have been so often wrong.

George Morland was a painter of great talent, and produced a considerable amount of work, although he spent so much time in taverns. His work has a distinctively English character, not necessarily for this reason, and

painted, so to speak, between drinks, never devoted enough reflective leisure to his work to be very profound in his painting. His pictures are fundamentally illustrative, but they do record, usually in a very pleasing manner, an England that is past and gone. They depend enormously on their subjects. Their interest is mainly literary rather than artistic. There are some pictures, the best, which move by the force of their emotional appeal, such as the works of Degas. In them the subject is of quite secondary importance. They seem to enter into you and grip you. But in such pictures as the Morland in question you go out to them and supply, as it were, part of the element of their success.

The picture of "Outside the Inn" is admirably drawn and composed, but its qualities are somewhat photographic. But it must have some personality, or manner at least, since, as anyone would say, it is obviously a Morland.

The Iveagh bequest contains at least four paintings of Lady Hamilton by Romney, but there is only one painting by Turner, "Fishing Boats on a Lee Shore," which is rather an early one. It by no means represents the essential Turner; the distinctive quality of that great master developed later, and Turner in his earlier stages (or "high-brow" period) could be rather tedious. It is rather surprising that a collection like this should contain only one picture by such an original master of the English school, but Lord Iveagh's passion was mainly for portraits; he had little interest in

landscape painting. Of the sixty-three pictures in his bequest only about twelve are landscapes or sea-pieces, and of these nine are by foreign artists. The Van der Velde family were not great artists, but they were very accomplished painters, and Willem the younger was by no means the least of them. He carried on the stately and effective convention of sea-painting which had been practised for some years by the Dutch, and particularly



THE SMILING GIRL

Sir Joshua Reynolds

the picture called "Outside the Inn" is one of the most important examples of his work. He was influenced by George Stubbs, who was another delightful exponent of the English school.

"Outside the Inn" ought to be a popular picture as it certainly is a pleasing record of the times, and must, with its air of leisure and enjoyment, arouse, in these days of senseless hustle, a feeling of envy. Morland, who

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

by Jan van der Cappelle, who was born about nine years before the younger Van der Velde, and who is represented by a sea-piece in this collection. The Van der Velde reproduced is a very adequate example of this convention. Its qualities are obvious, but it is probably the

was six years before the death of that great master, and one year after the time of his supposed visit to England.

Also it comes early in that last beautiful period when the great master had attained perfection, but not as the result of a possible



RUBENS AND HIS WIFE

Sir Peter Paul Rubens and Frans Snyders

excellence of its composition that gives it the feeling of harmonious completeness.

In a collection which is so essentially English, the few foreign pictures seem like the result of excursions abroad. But, fortunately, they include a superb Rembrandt—a portrait of the artist painted in 1663. That

visit to England, nor of the possibility of his having seen Lely. The National Gallery is, happily, rich in paintings of this period, when the lovable old painter of the Rhine (Van Ryn) had achieved the full expression of his deep sympathy and love of humanity.

Think of those superb canvases at Trafalgar

The Iveagh Bequest



MRS. SMITH AND NIECE

Sir Joshua Reynolds

Square, which are a priceless possession, not only as art, but as examples of human love: the "Jewish Rabbi" of 1657, the "Artist's Portrait" of 1659 in the brown turban—an almost pathetic record of human suffering and experience—the "Old Man" of the same year, the mysterious "Capuchin Friar" of two years later, the "Haunting Burgomaster" of 1661, and others. The papers no longer write

about such things, but they are there for the poorest subject to see. In them one of the greatest artists of all time (perhaps the greatest) expressed the whole of his life and feeling. The portrait in the Iveagh bequest is a splendid addition to them.

The "Portrait of a Lady," by the same master, is dated 1642; it does not express the same depth of feeling. Beside Rembrandt,



HENRIETTE OF LORRAINE,
PRINCESS OF PHALSBURG

Sir Anthony Van Dyck

the Rubens appears to me to be showy and somewhat banal.

Rubens exists by the sheer force of stupendous ability. He so often exaggerated the means when the end was unworthy. The picture called "Returning from Market" is not a great work, but it is a characteristic one. It is supposed to represent the artist and his wife, and was painted with the aid of Frans Snyders, who was two years younger than Rubens, and who painted the game and the fruit.

There is diversity in this collection; the spice of change. The French school of the eighteenth century is represented by two Fêtes

Champêtres by Jean Baptiste Pater, a painter who has not yet found his way to Trafalgar Square, and by three paintings by Boucher. And the art of Italy—eighteenth century, too—is represented by paintings of the Grand Canal by Francesco Guardi.

LIST OF PICTURES IN THE IVEAGH BEQUEST

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>François Boucher</i> . . . | "A Man Offering Grapes to a Girl,"
"Landscape Figures Gathering
Cherries," "Flower Gatherers." |
| <i>Jan Van der Cappelle</i> . . . | "Sea Piece." |
| <i>John Crome</i> . . . | "A Yarmouth Water Frolic." |
| <i>Albert Cuyp</i> . . . | "View on the River Maas." |
| <i>Claude de Yongh</i> . . . | "Old London Bridge, 1630." |
| <i>Thomas Gainsborough,</i>
<i>R.A.</i> | "George IV, when Prince of Wales,"
"Going to Market," "Lady
Brisco," "Two Boys with Fighting
Dogs," "Mary Countess Howe,"
"The Rt. Hon. William Pitt,"
"Mrs. Sheridan," "Miss
Brummell." |
| <i>Giovanni Francesco</i>
<i>Guardi.</i> | "The Grand Canal—Venice," "The
Grand Canal—Venice." |
| <i>Frans Hals</i> . . . | "The Man with the Cane." |
| <i>John Hoppner, R.A.</i> . . . | "Mrs. Jordan as 'Rosalind.'" |
| <i>Sir Edwin H. Landseer,</i>
<i>R.A.</i> | "The Hon. E. S. Russell and His
Brother," "Hawking in the Olden
Times." |
| <i>Sir Thomas Lawrence,</i>
<i>P.R.A.</i> | "Miss Murray." |
| <i>Jan Wynant and</i>
<i>Johannes Lingelbach.</i> | "A Hawking Party." |
| <i>George Morland</i> . . . | "Landscape with Figures at Door
of an Inn." |
| <i>Isaac Van Ostade</i>
<i>Hyacinthe Rigaud and</i>
<i>Joseph Parrocel.</i> | "View on a Canal in Winter." |
| <i>Jean Baptiste Pater</i> . . . | "Louis Dauphin Duc de Bourgogne." |
| <i>Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.</i>
<i>Rembrandt</i> . . . | "Fête Champêtre," "Fête Cham-
pêtre." |
| <i>Sir Joshua Reynolds,</i>
<i>P.R.A.</i> | "Sir George Sinclair, Bart."
"Portrait of the Painter," "Portrait
of a Woman." |
| <i>George Romney</i> . . . | "Mrs. Smith and Niece," "Portrait
of the Painter," "Master Philip
Yorke," "William Brummell and
His Brother George Bryan (after-
wards known as Beau Brummell),"
"The Children of J. J. Angerstein,
Esq.," "Lady Louisa Manners,"
"Mrs. Musters as 'Hebe,'" "Lady
Mary Leslie," "Venus Chiding
Cupid for Learning to Cast
Accounts," "Lady Diana Beau-
clerc," "The Hon. Mrs. Tolle-
mache as 'Miranda,'" "Kitty
Fisher as 'Cleopatra,'" "The
Fortune Teller," "The Infant
Academy," "The Smiling Girl." |
| <i>Sir Peter Rubens and</i>
<i>Frans Snyders.</i> | "Mrs. Crouch," "Miss Linley,
afterwards Mrs. Tickell," "Mrs.
Musters," "The Spinstress: Lady
Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel,"
"The Countess of Albemarle and
Her Son," "Lady Hamilton as
'St. Cecilia,'" "Lady Hamilton,"
"Lady Hamilton," "Miss Martin-
dale," "Angelica Kauffman, R.A." |
| <i>J. M. W. Turner, R.A.</i> . . . | "Rubens and His Wife." |
| <i>Sir Anthony Van Dyck</i> . . . | "Fisherman on the Lee Shore in
Squally Weather." |
| <i>W. Van der Velde</i> . . . | "James Stuart, Duke of Richmond,"
"Henriette of Lorraine." |
| <i>Jan Vermeer</i> . . . | "Sea Piece," "Sea Piece."
"The Lute Player." |



A MASTERPIECE BY TITIAN

By TANCRED BORENIUS

SOME seventeen or eighteen years ago Mr. Roger Fry asked me to accompany him to see a picture of "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," which he regarded as rightly bearing the name of Titian and which he wanted to discuss with me. On examining the picture I fully endorsed the opinion at which Mr. Fry had arrived, and not long afterwards the picture—then belonging to Lord Walsingham—was publicly shown at the loan exhibition of Old Masters, held at the Grafton Galleries in 1911. On this occasion the ascription to Titian met with some opposition, Sir Claude Phillips being among the critics who recorded an adverse view.* The case for the attribution to Titian was at the same time stated at some length by Mr. Fry,† who, while fully emphasizing that the then condition of the picture necessitated some caution in speaking about it, yet arrived at the conclusion that—to use his own words—"in those places where the original surface remains, I find it hard to doubt the evidence of Titian's handling."

On being recently offered for sale by auction at Messrs. Sotheby's, the picture was acquired by Viscount Lee of Fareham, whose judgment and courage as an independent collector have once more been vindicated. He immediately had it cleaned, and it was then discovered that, when the numerous disfiguring retouches had been removed, there emerged a picture which, though it at one time had been relined, had remained in remarkably sound condition, the erstwhile "frizzled" appearance of certain passages affecting only the repainted portions. In its radiant beauty, practically in the state in which it left the master's easel, it proclaimed itself most unambiguously as the work of Titian himself. Quite unnecessary, but welcome, nevertheless, was the further confirmation of Titian's authorship which came forth in the guise of his authentic signature, which by some strange, though not unparalleled, perversion had been covered with dark, impenetrable repaint. It

is now visible in the top right-hand corner of the picture, being written in large bold capitals "TITIANVS"—thus the Latin form of his name, which Titian used by preference in his signatures.

Through the courtesy of Lord Lee we are enabled to bring before our readers a colour-plate of this magnificent work, which in its new aspect invites reconsideration as to its place in the production of the master. Concerning its previous history, nothing further has been ascertained beyond the fact that it was probably acquired in Italy in the eighteenth forties by Lord Walsingham's father. The subject of Judith is one which Titian did not treat frequently; in fact, I know of but one other work in which he has turned to it: the picture which used to be in the Cornwallis-West collection, and concerning which I have stated my views some years ago*—a painting which belongs to the very close of Titian's career, and shows practically no resemblance in design or handling to Lord Lee's picture. In the latter the scheme of composition, with the two half-length figures grouped behind a stepped ledge, is in its essence Giorgionesque; and a further detail, such as the head of the dead Holofernes, prominently displayed in the foreground, also conjures up memories of Giorgione, namely, of his "David with the Head of Goliath," which may survive in a much injured condition in a picture in the Vienna Gallery. These affinities to Giorgione would, taken by themselves, rather point to an early phase of Titian's career; but the picture is very clearly not an early work by the master. Mr. Fry already noted the resemblance of the "Judith" to the "Bella di Tiziano" in the Palazzo Pitti; concerning the latter picture we now know with almost complete certainty that the master was still at work on it in May 1536.† In colouring, Lord Lee's picture has much the same radiant quality as the "Bella," but the handling seems to me in a marked degree broader and freer; so if

* In *The Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 18, 1911.

† In *The Burlington Magazine*, vol. xx (December 1911), p. 162.

* See *The Burlington Magazine*, vol. xli (August 1922), pp. 88 sqq.

† See Hadeln, "Zur Datum der Bella Tizians" in *Reperitorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, vol. xxxii (1909), pp. 69 sqq.

the "Bella" belongs to the period about 1536, Lord Lee's picture should, I think, be placed somewhere about 1540. In fact, if one compares it with such a work of that very period of Titian's career as the "Raphael and Tobias" in the Church of San Marziale at Venice, a very close affinity of treatment will at once be apparent.

The somewhat incongruous character of the figure of the attendant has been remarked upon by more than one observer, and the suggestion has been made that it may be a later addition—by Titian himself, of course, for the evidence of his handiwork is palpable all over it. I find it difficult to arrive at a definite view on this point. But I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention an individual reaction in this connection, and that is, that I can never look at that figure without being reminded of Mariotto Albertinelli's Virgin in his picture of the "Visitation" in the Uffizi. True, the two figures are turned in different directions, and of any mere copying there can, of course, be no question; but the gently gliding movement,

the expression, the placing of the hand all seem to me reminiscent of Albertinelli's figure. Titian did visit Florence on his return journey from Rome in 1546, and might well then have seen Albertinelli's picture. If the figure of the attendant is a later addition—and the handling certainly strikes one as freer than that of the rest of the picture—it might well embody a reminiscence of the Florentine artist's great work.

Various interesting *pentimenti* in Lord Lee's picture—notably that in the string of pearls round Judith's neck—have, in consequence of the cleaning, become evident or better discernible than before; while the quality of modelling, practically without shadows, as seen notably in Judith's left hand, can only be described as astonishing. Freed from all later disfigurements, sun-suffused and overflowing with vitality, the picture now stands before us, triumphantly vindicating its claim to be ranked among the works of the central and commanding figure of the Venetian school.

SOME OLD ENGLISH CLOCKS

By BRIAN C. CLAYTON

CLOCKS are, in this present age, such commonplace accessories in the regulation of human affairs, that they seldom receive any consideration beyond an occasional casual glance to observe the time; some information, therefore, as to a few examples which survive in this country from the far-off days when they were novelties may be not without interest.

Very little is known as to the date when the first mechanical clock in the modern sense of the word was made, though tradition has it that one was constructed by Pope Silvester II in A.D. 996. It is probable, however, that to commence with they were little more than ingenious mechanical toys, and it is believed that they did not come into use for the purpose of serious timekeeping until the thirteenth century, when expenses in connection with them began to be found in cathedral and monastery rolls. One of the earliest in this country, of which there is a record, was installed at

Westminster in 1288; another, which cost £30, was set up in Canterbury Cathedral in 1292; while a most elaborate one was placed in St. Alban's Abbey by Abbot Wallingford in 1326.

These early clocks must have been somewhat crude and uncertain in their timekeeping as they depended largely for their regulation on the friction of their parts, and it was not until the seventeenth century that Galileo's discovery of the pendulum's constant time of swing was utilized for the purpose of making an accurate working timepiece, which evidently resulted in a very marked improvement, as a pendulum is often found added to the works of an earlier clock.

A great number of medieval clocks were simply machines for striking bells at fixed times, no dial being fitted, though, in order to appeal to the popular love of shows of any kind, mechanical figures, armed with hammers or other implements, were often placed on the





Some Old English Clocks

outside walls to strike the hours, or quarters, on a bell. These figures seem to have been known from time immemorial as "jacks" or "quarter jacks," and may be seen in a number of places, the older often in conjunction with a more recent dial of modern type which was, no doubt, added when a demand arose for a public timepiece capable of indicating the time with greater accuracy than the quarter hour, and that without unnecessary waiting. Their popularity seems to have been great, for they are found as adjuncts to clocks of all periods down to the present time, the date of some of the older "jacks" being quite unrecognizable owing to the fact that each repair or repainting has been an occasion for adding some fresh adornment.

Of the numerous family of "jacks," those on the outside wall of Wells Cathedral are among the most ancient; here two men-at-arms in full armour strike the quarters with their halberds, each turning round on a vertical spindle for the purpose. Other good specimens, though somewhat later in date, are to be seen on the tower of the Church of St. Mary Steps in Exeter; in this case there is a group comprising a king seated on a throne with, on either side, a guardsman holding a spear in one hand and in the other a hammer wherewith to strike a bell at his feet. This group is generally considered to represent King Henry VIII in Royal state, but popular fancy prefers to refer to it as "Matthew the miller and his two sons," Matthew being a long-departed Exeter citizen whose chief claim to fame lay in his remarkable promptness in obeying the then equivalent of the time whistle. It will be noted that a later dial has been fixed below the "jacks."

Besides these simple clocks there were others of a more ambitious and highly-ingenious nature in which provision was made whereby the time could be read at a glance, though the dials appear strange and somewhat involved to the modern eye, the designer having possibly been influenced by the desire

to produce at the same time a working model illustrating the astronomical theories of the period, when sun and moon were believed to be rotating round a fixed earth. Of this type are those forming a notable group of four clocks in the West Country: in the Cathedrals of Wells and Exeter, Wimborne Minster, and



WELLS CATHEDRAL: THE EXTERIOR QUARTER JACKS

the Church of Ottery St. Mary. Tradition has connected, at any rate, three of these with an ingenious monk of Glastonbury, one Peter Lightfoot, who flourished in the first half of the fourteenth century. It appears to be fairly certain that Peter Lightfoot constructed a famous clock for Glastonbury Abbey during the abbacy of Adam of Sodbury, about the year 1325, and it was long believed that this

identical clock was transferred to Wells Cathedral on the dissolution of the monastery; recent research has, however, shown that the rolls of the cathedral, from 1394 onwards, contain entries as to substantial payments to the "Keeper of the Clock," so that it now seems probable that Wells got its own clock in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and that Lightfoot's clock at Glastonbury perished with the abbey; it is by no means improbable though that all the group were made to order in the abbey workshops—if not actually by Lightfoot himself, by successors following his ideas.

Of the four, that at Wells is by far the most elaborate and remarkable medieval clock in England, and well merits a detailed description, which, if the illustration be studied at the same time, will explain its working and also that of the other examples referred to later. The actual driving mechanism of the clock is modern, for the old movement having been removed about ninety years ago, was, after long neglect, loaned to the Science Museum at South Kensington, where it can be seen today patched up and still working in spite of its 500 years and more, but the dials and other visible parts are probably as originally erected.

The clock and its mechanism is fitted in one of the bays of the north transept of the cathedral, screens having been built between the



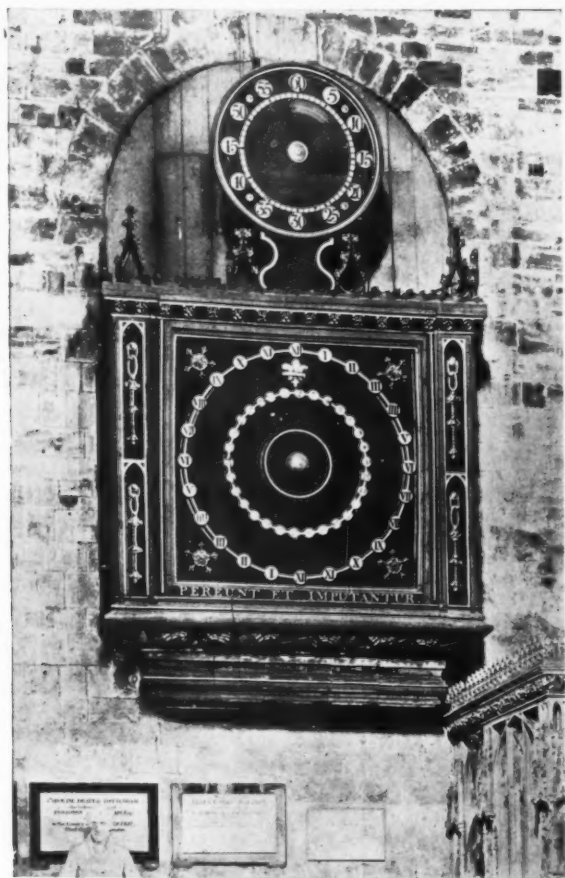
WELLS CATHEDRAL: THE DIAL AND JOUSTING KNIGHTS

piers to form a chamber for the purpose, and the whole of the space under the arch is occupied by the dial, which is formed of a series of concentric wooden rings, two of which rotate and contrive to give a surprisingly large amount of information, as the following description will show: First, in the centre of all is seen a small stationary sphere representing the earth, with round it a ring of decoration like the petals of a rose, possibly intended for clouds. Proceeding outwards, there is next a large ring or disc which may be termed the "moon disc," and rotates once in slightly over

twenty-four hours, corresponding to the moon's apparent rotation round the earth; it has at its edge a pointer in the form of a crescent moon with a finger projecting from the centre, the purpose of which will be seen below. Further outwards again is a narrow ring, which may be termed the "sun ring," rotating once in twenty-four hours in accordance with the sun's movement; it has attached to it by a bar a star-shaped object intended to represent the sun, and acting as a pointer to mark the hours on the outermost ring of the dial, which is inscribed with the twenty-four hours of the day, noon being at the top; but this sun ring in addition has its circumference divided into thirty divisions, the number of days in the lunar month, and in conjunction with the moon

Some Old English Clocks

disc performs another function, for the speed of the latter is such that it lags behind the sun ring by the space of one of the thirty divisions in each twenty-four hours, with the result that the moon pointer is opposite one number higher each day, thus indicating the moon's age; it will be noted that the thirtieth division is narrower than the others to compensate for the fact that the lunar month is only about twenty-nine and a half days, and the last day of the moon's age, therefore, incomplete. There is one further ring which lies outside the sun ring and is divided into sixty divisions; this is the minute dial, round which a pointer, in the form of a small star attached to a bar projecting from behind the sun ring, rotates once in the hour, but unfortunately owing to its rapid movement this star is not visible in the photograph. Apart from these principal features it will be observed that the moon disc



EXETER CATHEDRAL



EXETER: ST. MARY STEPS

has two small circles cut in it on opposite sides; that next the moon pointer has a disc rotating behind it in such a way that there is seen through the opening a representation of the moon, which grows from a small golden crescent to a full moon and then wanes again in accordance with the moon's phases; the opposite opening is filled by a circular medallion, ingeniously pivoted and counterweighed so that it always remains upright, on which is painted a figure symbolic of Phœbe with a scroll inscribed "SIC PERAGRAT PHABE," or as we might put it, "So moves the moon."

There still remain to be described the features of the clock, which appear to appeal most strongly to the twentieth-century visitor as they probably did to that of the fourteenth century. Above the dial is a projecting platform fronting a column between two arched

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

The clock on the church tower, with its long pendulum projecting into the building, which was set up by the churchwardens in the days of Queen



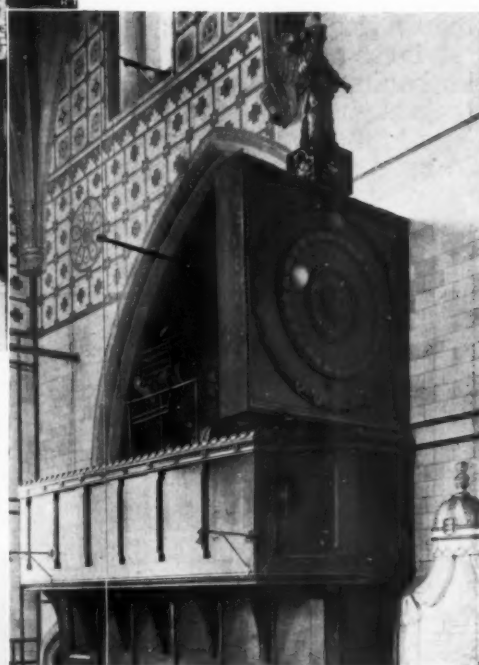
Elizabeth, is one of the noteworthy objects in the quaint old town of Rye, and strikes the eye of the visitor in the narrow street leading to the church.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE

The clock on the gate tower between the two main courts at Hampton Court was constructed for King Henry VIII in 1540, and is so designed as to give not only the time, but also the date and much other astronomical information.

CHURCH TOWER
CLOCK AT RYE,
SUSSEX
(above and below)



OTTERY ST. MARY, DEVON

The ancient clock at Ottery St. Mary is believed to have been in use since the 14th century, and forms one of a group of four English clocks associated with Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury Abbey.



Some Old English Clocks

openings; attached to spindles in this column are four armed knights on horseback, two facing in each direction, and twenty-four times per day as the hour is struck these four knights dash madly round the central column in opposite directions as if in combat, one of the

on two bells at his feet, while for the hours he holds hammers in his hands wherewith to strike a bell hung in front of him. The quarters are also struck by the two men-at-arms previously mentioned, which are situated on the outside wall above a comparatively modern



HAMPTON COURT PALACE: THE DIAL

figures being knocked flat on his horse's back at each round, only to be set up again as he disappears behind the arch in readiness for the next. Besides these knights there is, apart from the clock itself, a quaint and talented "jack" of uncertain age, popularly known as "Jack Blandifer," who sits in a canopied chair in the triforium and performs the acrobatic feat of marking the quarters with his heels

twelve-hour dial, said to replace a former twenty-four hour one.

Such is a brief description of this most ingenious piece of mechanism combining the functions of a clock with an astronomical model whereby, if the top of the dial be regarded as "south," the relative positions of sun, moon, and earth at any time may be seen in a moment; an acquisition which must have proved a

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

valuable investment to the medieval chapter, paying good dividends in the form of offerings.

To pass to the other members of the group which are illustrated, those at Exeter and Ottery St. Mary, the former will be seen to be very similar in general lines to the one at Wells, though much simpler and without side shows. Here there is the central earth in the form of a sphere with the moon disc rotating round it, but the sun ring is replaced by a disc pointer, painted with a fleur-de-lis, which indicates the hours on the outside of the dial, an economy which is made possible by marking the thirty days of the lunar month on the edge of the moon disc and using the stem of the fleur-de-lis as the pointer to indicate the moon's age, thus inverting the Wells arrangement, but with the same result save that the numbers read forwards instead of backwards. The position of the moon is given by a sphere fitted on one side of the moon disc, and painted half black, half white, so that by revolving on its own axis once in the lunar month it displays the phases. The minute dial is omitted, though in the eighteenth century a subsidiary one was added, being placed above the main dial. In this case again the movement of the clock is modern, though the old works may be seen fitted up in a small chapel below, where they are made to go for the benefit of visitors during the summer months.

The Ottery St. Mary example is very similar to that at Exeter, except that an additional pointer in the shape of a star has been fitted diametrically opposite the sun, here shown as a sphere, possibly to facilitate reading. It has, however, the advantage in that the original works remain in use and may be observed in the gallery behind the dial. Unfortunately, in the photograph the details of this clock are somewhat blurred owing to the movement of the disc during the long time-exposure found necessary.

There is at Hampton Court Palace another notable clock, though of later date, having been made for King Henry VIII in 1540, which, after having been taken down and stowed away for a number of years, was restored and re-erected some fifty years ago. Though at first sight apparently different, a

close examination will show that it is very similar in design to those which have just been described. It is built up of a series of painted copper rings, but there will be noted the earth in the centre, the moon disc with pointer and inset phase circle, and the sun ring divided into the thirty days of the lunar month with a sun-hour pointer attached, all as at Wells; however, after that there is a difference, for instead of the minute dial there is a third rotating ring painted in concentric circles with the months of the year, the days of the month, the signs of the zodiac, numerals dividing each zodiacal period into thirty degrees, and outside all 365 divisions to represent the days of the year; this ring revolves slightly faster than the sun ring, so that it gains on it by one complete revolution in 365 days, with the result that the side of the sun pointer is passed by one of the 365 divisions each day, and may be used to read off the month, the day of the month, and how many days of the year have passed. Thus there is here not only a clock, but a perpetual calendar, provided it does not get disorganized by an occasional leap year! Further refinements have been made by inscribing on the moon disc a twenty-four hour dial, with noon below the moon pointer, so that the hour in this dial immediately behind the sun pointer indicates that at which the moon will "south," and, by dividing it into quarters, the quarter in which the moon happens to be may be read in the same way.

Before concluding mention should be made of one other old clock, that fixed in the church tower at Rye, which was originally purchased by the churchwardens in 1560, and has an outside dial with a pair of quarter "jacks." But the quaintest part of it is the huge pendulum, evidently a later addition, which slowly swings to and fro under the tower inside the church, and must certainly have a very soporific effect on the congregation unless the sermon is of an arresting nature.

The foregoing survey of a few of their more remarkable efforts will, it is hoped, reward the reader's patience by imparting some of that interest with which our earlier clockmakers evidently intended to endow the unromantic business of timekeeping.

THE SISLEY COMPROMISE

By R. H. WILENSKI



EFFET DE NEIGE,
LOUVECIENNES

*By permission of Samuel
Courtault, Esq.*

THE recent exhibition of paintings by Alfred Sisley at the Independent Gallery made it possible for the English public to determine Sisley's position among his brother Impressionists. That position was seen to be quite definite; for Sisley is the link between the romantic landscape painters who preceded the Impressionists and the derivative pseudo-Impressionists who followed them.

Born of English parents in France, he became early acquainted with the work of Corot, and at the age of eighteen he came to live for some years in England and saw the work of Constable and Turner. He returned to France, met Monet and Renoir in Gleyre's academy, and left the academy with them; then he met Pissarro, and for the rest of his life he was closely attached to these pioneers of Impressionism, exhibiting with them, sharing their opprobrium (as he now shares their triumph), and seeing his pictures sold at Drouot's, with theirs, for a few pounds apiece amid the jeers and laughter of the dealers and collectors in the saleroom.

But, although associated with these pioneers, he was not himself of an adventurer's

disposition. He was carried by the others along a path which, he recognized, opened up new and enchanting fields of experiment for art. But he would not have ventured in that path alone; nor had he the impulse or the energy to seek a separate path for himself.

To the Impressionist brotherhood Pissarro brought the brains, and Manet the money. Monet pushed Pissarro's theories to their logical extreme; Degas struck out a path of his own; and Sisley compromised, walking with his brothers, but continually looking back.

That is why it is easier for the general public to understand and delight in Sisley's pictures than to understand and delight in the pictures of Monet. To understand Monet one must have no prejudices in favour of Corot or Constable or Turner; one must forget the landscapes of Rubens and Claude and the Italians of the fifteenth century. The mind must be free to accept the artist's mind and to observe with him the dissolution of material form in light, and work out with him the translation of light vibration into the new material form of the paint on the canvas. We cannot relate a picture by Monet to any experience except such experience as we may

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

have of his other works. No landscape by Monet reminds us of a picture by any earlier painter or of a pleasant corner where we roamed with a young woman or spent a half hour reading in the shade. Monet's pictures are the work of a convinced and enterprising doctrinaire. They are the tests and the justification of a pictorial theory. To understand them we must accept the doctrine and desire its vindication. For a Monet picture is always a triumphant Q.E.D.

The same, of course, is true of the pictures by Seurat, because Seurat, like Monet, was deeply preoccupied with a pictorial

his pictures we need not put romantic landscape from our mind.

Nor, indeed, need we set aside our material or sentimental experience in looking at his works. If Sisley looked back at the Louvre he also looked round about him at the trees, the canals, and the pale red roofs of France. Monet kept his eyes on his pictorial goal. Sisley accepted the goal, but he was incapable of such concentration. He looked to right and left as he advanced with the others. We, therefore, can do likewise. If we have tender memories of Moret and the Loing, which Sisley painted so often; if we delight in



HAMPTON COURT

By permission of the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Brett

idea; and the general public always finds it difficult to apprehend the works of artists of this kind.

But, confronted with landscapes by Sisley, we are in quite a different position. Experience of other pictures—notably the romantic landscapes of Corot, and the landscapes of Sisley's brother Impressionists—is here no impediment to comprehension. On the contrary. For as Sisley, a little afraid of the adventure into which he was carried, continually looked not only at his brother's pictures, but also at the pictures of Corot, when we contemplate his pictures we can and ought to do the same. Sisley desired no break with the romantic landscape; and to understand

orchards in the springtime, or in the subtle pinks, yellows and pale greens of the sky against snow, we may remember these impressions when we contemplate his pictures, for Sisley (when the others were not looking) reacted to such phenomena in quite an ordinary way.

But the comprehension of Sisley's art was not easy for Sisley's contemporaries, and this for two reasons.

In the first place, Sisley used the broken colour and, to some extent, the spectrum palette of the Impressionists. For some reason which I have never been able to understand, the general public—while proclaiming that pictorial art is Truth, Beauty, Fidelity to Nature,

The Sisley Compromise



By permission of The Independent Gallery

Alfred Sisley (1875)

LA ROUTE DE VERSAILLES

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Noble Imagination, and a number of other abstract and mutually contradictory notions—has shown a marked tendency in the last century to regard pictorial art as pictorial technique, and nothing else; and the public suffering from this delusion has again and again railed at works as affronting Truth, Beauty, Fidelity to Nature, Noble Imagination and so forth, merely because the painter has used a technique which had not yet passed into their familiar experience of pictorial technique. Sisley's pictures, though it is hard for us to credit it today, were incomprehensible to the less intelligent of his contemporaries, who were unable to *see them* because they looked at them

We must remember that taste by the seventies had been debauched by the romantic movement. Men had been taught to expect the dramatic, the sensational, and the unusual in art as substitutes for the pseudo-classical or naturalistic ideals. There was nobody to appreciate a painter who provided nothing but subtle variations of gentle sentimental themes carried out in a technique that was quite artificial and at that time still quite new. Today we are used to the technique; also we are suspicious of all dramatic and sensational pictures, and we ask our artists to leave naturalistic records to the camera. We can therefore approach Sisley's pictures with eyes



LANDSCAPE

*By permission of The Independent Gallery
Alfred Sisley*

exclusively as "rubbish in this new-fangled Impressionist technique," in much the same way that the older Academicians today are unable to *see* modern pictures because they look at them solely as "rubbish" painted in unfamiliar technique.

And Sisley's pictures were also incomprehensible to most of his intelligent contemporaries. This happened because Sisley used broken colour and the spectrum palette to express experience that was really personal and sincere. Sisley was not technically a pioneer. He had nothing titanic in his composition. He was timid and sentimental and content with experiences of an unexciting kind. But within his limitations he had a nice observation, and a spirit in tune with the gentler moods of Nature and the power to record them.

unobscured by the particular prejudices of our grandfathers.

The danger today is, in fact, of the opposite nature. Sisley's contemporaries thought his works bizarre and impudent, largely on account of the technique. Today, unless we are in receptive mood and alive to subtleties, we are inclined to think them dull. Nineteenth-century spectators failed to enjoy Sisley's pictures because they were not dramatic or romantic or pseudo-classical or obvious records of some effect of light and shade. Twentieth-century spectators, in touch with post-Impressionist endeavour, are prone to regard them as uninteresting because they are the work of a man who was concerned alternately with a pictorial concept and with the pretty landscapes round the village where he lived. There is a tendency, in fact, today to think Sisley's

The Sisley Compromise



By permission of Lord
Berners
MORET
Alfred Sisley

pictures un-
interesting, not
only because he
lacked the brains
of Pissarro, the
fanaticism of
Monet and Seur-
rat, and the
originality of Paul
Cézanne, but also
and still more
because he com-
promised.

We live at a
time when an
effort comparable
with that made by the Impres-
sionists has been, and is still being,
made to defend pictorial art against
the achievements of the camera and
to expand it in fields which the
camera and the cinema are unable
by their constitution to invade.
Forced by the progress of photo-
grapher and cinema to take stock
of the position, the more intelligent
artists since the Impressionists died
have forced pictorial art back to its
root principles and have built upon

them with astonishing results.
Sisley appears to us the least notable
of the Impressionists, because he
was the least whole-hearted as an
artistic pioneer. We regard his
pictures as dull because they have
little or no relation to the passionate
attempt to regenerate painting
which we have witnessed in our
time. In Pissarro, in Degas, and
above all in Monet, we recognize
spirits akin to the pioneer artists of
our day. We miss their force and
drive in Sisley and, missing them,
we tend to be unresponsive to his
gentle, unpretentious art.

Also, in Sisley's
work, we can
detect the germ
of pseudo-Impres-
sionism which
was eventually to
degenerate into
those trivial
Kodak - snapshot
landscapes colour-
ed in the pseudo-
Impressionist
formula of yellow
for the lights and
purple for the
shadows, which
have filled the



By permission of The
Independent Gallery
L'HIVER À MARLY
Alfred Sisley



MORET

Alfred Sisley

By permission of The Independent Gallery

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

exhibitions in every capital of Europe since the original Impressionists came into their own. There is not more than the germ of this degeneracy in Sisley; but the germ is there, because his use of the Impressionist palette was due, not to any invention of his own, but to the accident of his association with his greater brothers of the movement.

Sisley, in fact, when all is said and done, was a minor artist. His pictures are charming; but one-third of their content comes from Corot and the romantics, one-third from Pissarro and Monet, and one-third only from the artist himself. Sisley fused the elements with great discretion. He was never sensational or vulgar. He kept the tones and planes in excellent relation. He had sensibility, good taste and pictorial tact. But he was not a great original master—he was not a Monet, a Seurat, a Degas, or a Renoir.

It may be that we are ill-attuned to appreciate a minor artist of this kind today unless we have closed our receptivity to the modern

movement that began with Seurat and Cézanne. If we have done this we can enjoy Sisley's pictures, because they remain within the circle which we have drawn round art, and though they touch the edge of it they have contact also with art more definitely inside. But if we have followed the hard fight of the last forty years, rejoiced in its victories, and lamented its set-backs, we are not fair judges of this gentle Impressionist who was not an artist-propagandist and was incapable of stern concentration on a theory of pictorial art. If we are of those who think that pictorial art has found, since Sisley's days, the only basis possible in the phase of human development which we call the present age, then Sisley's pictures strike on our blind spot. But the public which is in this position is a relatively small one. The great public has only just learned to understand the Impressionists; and for them Sisley, who compromised, is now quite delightful because his pictures are now so easy to enjoy and understand.



LES CHASSEURS

By permission of Mr. Percy Moore Turner

REX WHISTLER'S DECORATION OF THE REFRESHMENT ROOM IN THE TATE GALLERY



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DECORATION

THE sudden disastrous tidal wave which flooded the banks of the Thames was thought to have damaged the wall paintings by Mr. Rex Whistler in the refreshment room of the Tate Gallery—only unveiled recently—as well as other works of art exhibited or stored in the basement. Fortunately the news at the time of writing is reassuring. The wall-paintings have, at all events, not suffered. This is something to be grateful for, since the refreshment room was, before it received this decoration, a somewhat dim and dismal place. Mr. Whistler, who is, by the by, no relation of his great namesake, solved the problem of making the room more cheerful by twofold means: he did not only rely on the colours and the dramatic effect of his designs, but reinforced these æsthetic means by a humorous pictorial epic entitled "The Pursuit of Rare Meats." The epic tells of the adventures of a hunting party: the artist has taken the trouble to make the decoration logical in the evolution of its story from the exciting beginning, through its various incidents, to its happy end. It is characteristic of the younger generation that the whole scheme is fanciful in the manner of the eighteenth century which, in its *chinoiserie*s, reacted against Eastern influences in its own way. This is precisely what Mr. Rex Whistler has done. His somewhat Chinese design is not troubled by any respect for Classic or Renaissance ideals. Neither Raphael nor Poussin, neither Puvis de Chavannes nor Frank Brangwyn's examples have spurred him. If there is

one quality which this attractive and entertaining decoration shares with those of the others it is that of an æsthetic unity. As the illustrations here show, he has not hesitated to place Classical, Renaissance, Wrenish, and Georgian architecture side by side, nor to exclude Gothic



THE RETURN

Rex Whistler



THE DEPARTURE: THE PURSUIT OF RARE MEATS

Rex Whistler

windows from Roman turrets, nor to eschew the mixture of Chinese, romantic and pseudo-classic landscapes. The figures remind us now of early, anon of late, Victorians; there are soldiers, clergymen, and "cylindere" gentlemen which might have stepped out of a late Victorian musical comedy, dogs and sportsmen of Stubbs' period, horses and chariots of neo-classic affinities, modern bicycles and modern gentlemen—in short, a mass of incongruities the more entertaining in that they have been so skilfully welded into a perfectly congruous and æsthetically unexceptionable whole. If there is any criticism to make, it is this: the room itself is none too favoured as regards its lighting. The scheme, in which a grey-green predominates, is still a little "cold" therefore, and not quite light enough. It will be interesting to see how these paintings—apart from such extraordinary risks to which they have just been exposed—will fare under the conditions of London fogs and smoke.

In unveiling these mural paintings, on November 30, Lord D'Abernon explained, according to the "Times," that "the object of the Gallery authorities in commissioning these paintings was to assist British art," and added that "he did not believe that the lack of encouragement was due to the lack of interest taken in art by the wealthy classes, but rather to a lack of education. What cathedrals, churches, and public buildings of all kinds might be built if a modest proportion of the money spent on the education of the poor was devoted to the education of the rich!"

Fortunately some of the members of these classes have already proved their interest in modern art and modern artists in the manner suggested by Lord D'Abernon, and we hope to be able to show what has been done and what is being done by them elsewhere in some of the next numbers—with a view to encouraging others to follow their laudable example.

H. F.

A GOSSIP ABOUT PRINTS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

A RARE NEW ETCHER FROM HUNGARY

LATELY there has come among us from Hungary a young artist who, to judge by the works he has already achieved, promises to win a place of high distinction among contemporary etchers. This is Mr. Komjáti, and, together with a travelling scholarship of £200 from the Hungarian Government, he brings letters of recommendation from the professors of art. These alone, however, would but gain him the courtesy of a polite welcome from our professors and museum authorities, but they are backed up by prints of such extraordinary quality in both their technique and their artistic content that I venture to predict for them a wide and cordial acceptance by our connoisseurs and collectors as soon as those discerning

publishers, Messrs. H. C. Dickins, render them available. Mr. Komjáti was born at Komját in 1897, and the circumstance of his father being an inspector of forests on the domain of the Count of Nemes may probably account for the artist's intense interest in the various aspects of landscape, with the intimate knowledge of the growth of trees, which furnishes the motives of so many of his etchings and drawings. At the age of seventeen he obtained a teaching diploma in Budapest, and in September 1914 he entered the art school in that city, but after a year the war put a temporary stoppage to his art studies. As a Hungarian soldier he fought, first against the Russian army, and then, opposed to

the Roumanians, he was taken prisoner on October 23, 1916, at Kimpolunga, and in the horrible conditions of sixteen months' captivity his sufferings were terrible. The 16,000 prisoners were crowded together in dark, damp, underground cells, and what with poor and insufficient food, and the ravages of an epidemic, only 2,000 survived. Some remarkable etchings depict with infinite pity these tragic scenes, of which one, "Despair in Captivity," is a poignantly dramatic record of

human suffering, composed with a fine pictorial sense of actuality and with a sympathy difficult to resist. On a sort of roadway leading from a prison shed across a gaunt, bleak landscape, where some bare sheds stand, we see a few of the unfortunate prisoners at the height of their misery. They are falling and dying by

the wayside, but wherever they fall there is always some comrade at hand to support them. One cries to heaven, vainly melodramatic, with upstretched arm, but others are more humanly helpful. The significant harmony and rhythm of the composition are helped by two groups of great beauty. One consists of a couple of men very carefully lifting up a dying comrade; and the other is a big, strong man taking a drooping, failing youngster most tenderly in his arms, while a dog cringes, half-knowingly, on the ground. Here the drawing is very beautiful in its simplicity and sensitiveness, so that not even Rembrandt's "Return of the Prodigal" shows a more loving tenderness in the mutual



THE SLEEPING SHEPHERD 38" x 5 1/2"
Published by Messrs. H. C. Dickins

Etching by Komjáti

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

embrace. The whole is composed with such instinctively personal art, the light and shade are so harmoniously balanced; but the humanity counts above all, and the print grows upon one. This is actual experience, one feels, communicated by an artist of rare originality and sensibility. An exquisite little plate, called "Carriers of the Dead"—just two men, one bearing the limp body by the legs, the

What will he do here? London already fascinates him, and doubtless he will interpret its life and character in a personal way of his own, with the vital etched line of Rembrandt always as his inspiring model. But meanwhile Messrs. Dickins will not find it easy to select plates for publication since there are so many of outstanding excellence, though of these are some that we may certainly expect among the



STORM

8 1/2" x 11 1/2"

Published by Messrs. H. C. Dickins

Etching by Komjáti

other supporting the head and shoulders—is another record of the Roumanian prison life, but it is a vital little gem.

In March 1918 Mr. Komjáti returned home and resumed his interrupted studies, but experience had developed the artist. Obtaining in the following year the diploma of Professor of Design, he worked for the next four years under Professor Olgyai at the School of Art in Budapest. Then followed prizes and medals, and finally the Hungarian Government's award, which has brought him to England.

earliest. One of the most beautiful is "The Sleeping Shepherd," a small plate of exquisite quality. The man has fallen heavily asleep, sitting at a table sprawling over a large, open book; his head is resting on his left arm, his crossed hands are on the book, his dog-whip is on the table. Sleep and utter fatigue are expressive in every line of the finely modelled head and hands. Rembrandt himself might not have been ashamed of this plate, nor also of "The Ne'er-do-well." He sits in an easy chair beside a table, supporting his head with

A Gossip about Prints

his left hand; he is staring in front of him full of thought, doubtless about the aimlessness of his life. A bottle is beside his arm, behind him are other bottles. The etcher has caught him in one of his rare moods of remorse for wasted opportunities; his handsome face is full of character, the intense look in his eyes at war with the sensitive, dissolute mouth. It is a plate full of personality. Then there is "The Princess's Guard"—

a noble design. He stands, one foot resting on a stool, at the balustrade of the Princess of Oldenburg's palace, blowing a horn for all the world to hear. Vitality and strength are easily recognizable in the young man's sturdy figure, while one can almost hear the blast of his horn. "Lame," a poor, barefooted peasant hobbling painfully along with the aid of two sticks, is finely etched with free, open lines. "Blind" is a young soldier with uplifted head and throat superbly modelled, the face finely in shadow; while the modelling of the clothed figure, especially the head and muscular neck of "The Drinker," is notably characteristic. Then there are "Pig-killing," a remarkably vigorous and original plate, showing a local Hungarian manner of tying up the slaughtered beast; "A Poor Man," walking through a stormy landscape followed by his hungry



THE NE'ER-DO-WELL 5½" x 6½" Etching by Komjádi
Published by Messrs. H. C. Dickins

rather an artist of widely ranging comprehensiveness, and the moods and aspects of the land and the sky appeal to his artistic sensibility as forcibly and as subtly as the moods and aspects of human beings. He sees and interprets always the land and the sky as one organic whole, the mood of the one reacting on the mood of the other; and to etch a great moving sky, with the sense of its inevitableness, is no small matter. But a Komjádi sky happens always inevitably—"Storm," for instance.

From a tempest-troubled sky rain is driving down over the land and the ruffled waters of the pond, while the high branches of the trees are tossing to and fro in the boisterous wind, and in the unusual light breaking through the clouds scared birds are flying. "Atmospheric Landscape" is a very original study of broad meadows, with a small river



ATMOSPHERIC LANDSCAPE 9½" x 12½" Etching by Komjádi
Published by Messrs. H. C. Dickins

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

running through them, under the influence of a dark sky breaking into light. The reeds straggle along the river banks, which, with the water and the wide stretches of turf and distant clumps of trees, take the varying hazards of the light, while one feels a chill through the air. A nobly spacious sky, full of the east wind, is that of "March," which shows us the edge of a forest, with many severed stumps of trees and stacks of timber, and one slender, mutilated tree standing alone, to "take the winds of March with beauty." Exquisite in conception and execution is a little "Landscape," with a large tree spreading its leafy branches as with a peacock's pride, and with a few houses nestling charmingly amid the other verdurous spaces and the sky giving its benediction of light. Then there is the delightful little "Dreary Landscape," the fine "Landscape in North Hungary," "In Bloom," "Sheaves," "Spring," "Swamp," "Inundation" (a large, impressive plate, with fine passages); and "Forest of Czornok," which will be beautiful

when the plate is cut to its right proportion, and "Dragon Clouds," which is a transcript of a local phenomenon of the sky over forest land. I have picked these plates as typical of the many Mr. Komjáti wrought before he came to England, most of which will in time be available for the discerning collector; while already Mr. Campbell Dodgson at the British Museum and Mr. Martin Hardie at the Victoria and Albert have cordially welcomed some of his plates. Mr. Komjáti, an innate etcher if ever there was one, seems to me to have all the essential qualities that one looks for in etching, with an especial reverence for Rembrandt. Every subject that he essays has a true etcher's motive, and, though occasionally he may not "bring it off," the attempt is invariably a personal and gallant one, and that of a veritable artist; while sometimes, as in the cases of "The Sleeping Shepherd," "The Ne'er-do-well," and "Atmospheric Landscape," the success is brilliant.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of APOLLO

BRITISH PAVILION AT VENICE

SIR,—For the past thirty years there has been held every second year in Venice an international exhibition of contemporary art, at which Great Britain has been regularly represented by a small but not unworthy collection.

The exhibition was started in 1897 to commemorate the silver wedding of King Humbert, and it will be a matter of pride to Englishmen to recollect that the first of the foreign pavilions to be erected was that of Great Britain. But the British pavilion owes its existence and maintenance solely to the generosity of a few patriotic supporters of our country's art, and in this respect is unique; for the pavilions of France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Hungary, Russia, Germany, and Czechoslovakia have all been erected at the expense of their Governments, which have continued every two years to provide funds for the organization of their respective sections.

The British funds, springing from purely private sources, became exhausted at the last exhibition, held in 1926, and an appeal to the Government earlier this year met with the reply that no support could be given. It looked as though, for the first time since the foundation of the exhibition, the work of British painters would be absent next spring, a disastrous calamity when one considers the importance of this great international art market. But through a fine act of private generosity the

position has been saved for the time being. Sir Joseph Duveen, whose national campaign on behalf of living British artists has become so well known, has come to the rescue of an enterprise so closely connected with his own British artists' exhibitions.

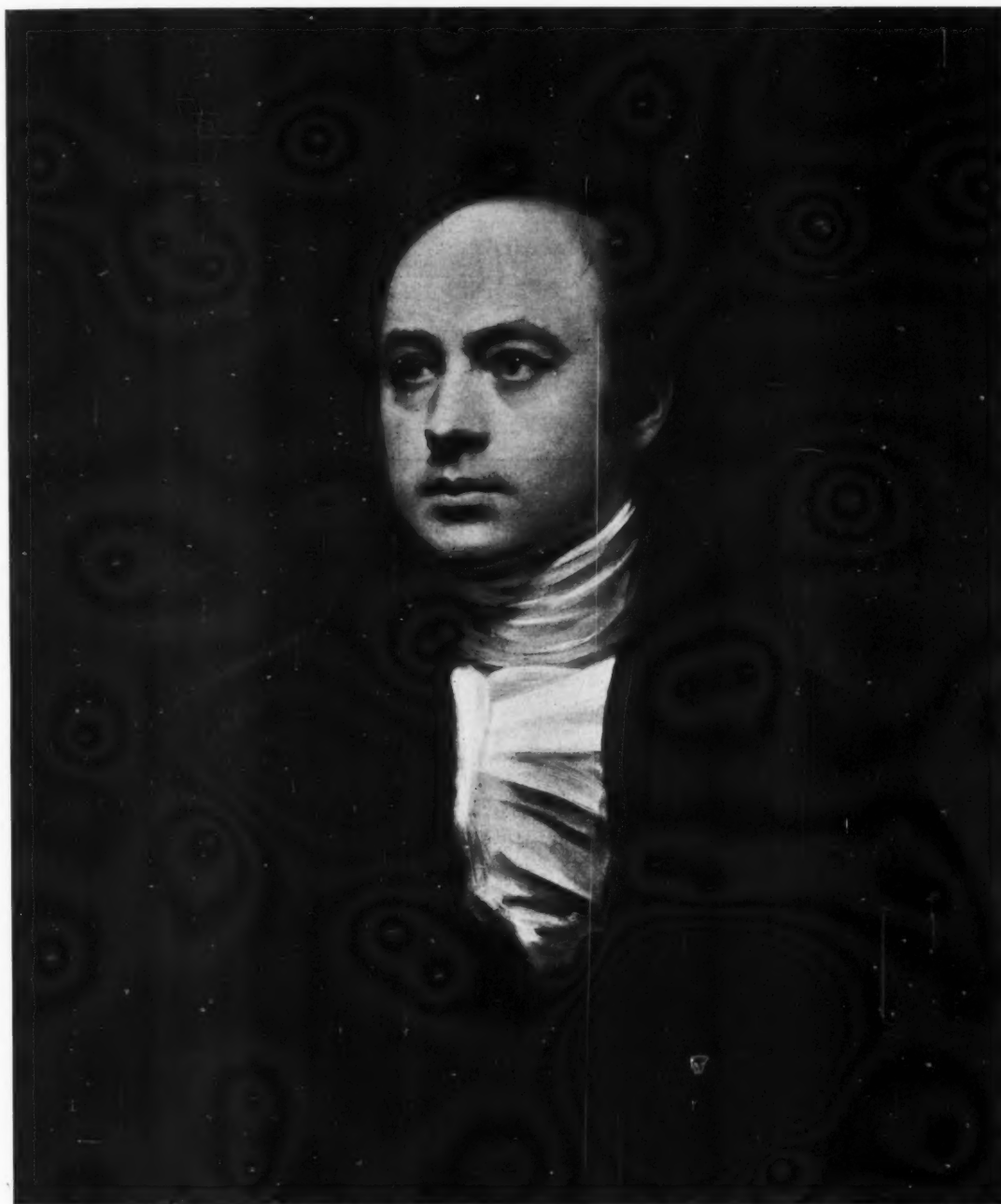
British art will be seen, then, at Venice next year; but after that, unless funds can be collected, we may have to withdraw ignominiously from this exhibition, which is one of the main events in the artistic world of Europe. Sir Joseph Duveen has saved us for one year. But it is a matter involving the whole prestige of British art that the British pavilion at Venice should be made a permanency, so that the work of our painters may maintain its rightful place in Europe.

A fund of £6,000 would ensure this. May we appeal to patrons of British art to come forward with their support? Our artists have nothing to fear from comparison with artists of any other nation. To deny their works a place in the biennial exhibitions at Venice would be a national blunder.

We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

MONTAGU (chairman), MAUD CUNARD, IVOR S. CHURCHILL,
PHILIP SASSOON, CHARLES AITKEN, P. G. KONODY
(hon. sec.).

British Committee of the Venice International Exhibition,
26 New Cavendish Street, W.1. December 29, 1927.



PORTRAIT OF SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.
By Raeburn

By courtesy of Mr. Luscombe Carroll

This is yet another addition to the list of famous portraits by distinguished painters of the eighteenth century which has found a home overseas. But in this case, fortunately, it will remain within the Empire, as it is going into an important Canadian collection.

As is well known, Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. (1782-1841), was not only a famous English sculptor of

his period, but was also highly successful in a monetary sense. Perhaps the finest of Chantrey's works, however, are his busts and his delineation of children. In his will he bequeathed the whole of his valuable art collection and his entire fortune, after the death of Lady Chantrey, to the Royal Academy for the encouragement of British sculpture and painting.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

ONE of the great curiosities of the end of the year was the exhibition of paintings by madmen, controlled, if not organized, by the eminent alienist, Dr. Marie. It was held at the Galerie Vavin Raspail, that is to say, at the famous cross-roads, in the very centre of attraction, at Montparnasse.

One would have wished, however, this exhibition to have been far more complete. For a long time psychiatrists, critics and poets have been interested in this troubled question and have endeavoured to share their curiosity with the public outside the realm of science proper. One of the first to popularize the art of madmen was the excellent doctor known in literature by the name of Marcel Réja, and who belonged to the second generation of the symbolist group. I believe Marcel Réja's work, published by the "Mercure de France" more than twenty years ago, and now out of print, was unprecedented. The author had illustrated his work with abundant reproductions of the works of pensioners at the asylums of the Seine, and all these works were chosen with evident sympathy among those which were not only extravagant but depended at some point on art.

Later appeared the excellent work of M. Jean Vinchon in the revue "Esculape," the organ of the artistic and lettered section of the medical world, and then the popular little volume in the collection Stock. M. Vinchon had brought together some blocks of real grandeur without stopping to underline, as Marcel Réja had done, certain tricks common to a large number of demented draughtsmen, such as the disconcerting insistence to represent, from a demoniac denial of the laws of perspective and not out of simplicity, the figures of the foreground as smaller than those of the middle distance.

The drawings of madmen were circulated in considerable numbers in the art world from the moment when the "Mouvement Dada," and afterwards "Superrealism," tried to draw more than one æsthetic doctrine from moral consequences, from the subconscious, which had been illuminated by Freud.

That is why, having seen so much already, we found the exhibition somewhat poor. It is true that if one has not the good chance of laying hands on a troublous masterpiece, the fruit of a darkened genius, there is the risk of exhibiting compositions which will be so many repetitions. Indeed, there are themes that pertain to the majority of madmen attracted by the pencil, but this is a matter for the psychiatrist alone. Thus there are abundant examples—and some may be seen at the Galerie Vavin Raspail—of more or less vague interpretations of the cameo, the ancient medal merging into the coin. The abuse of blue,

and its employment out of season, are also peculiarities of delirious compositions.

It is noteworthy that, while there are numerous watercolours and tinted drawings showing that the unhappy artist has a genuine virtuosity of touch and line, no madman has succeeded in producing a single oil painting. The five or six that we have seen are nothing but pathological documents, painful witnesses of a radical incapacity to assemble the masses. There is no question even of the most summary relations of colour values.

This leads one to conclude that the imagination, though rich in its vanity, has a dangerous promptitude in these cases and does not allow the hand to make a prolonged translation. Yet the manipulation of the oil technique requires this lengthy application.

I will beware of wasting my ink in trying to compete with the psychiatrists. The essence of what I have to say is this: I thought I knew before—and the recent exhibition has proved to me still further—that the most extravagant of all the excessive painters has nothing in common with the madman with the greatest ambition to draw. We have a striking proof that there is nothing in common between madmen

and dreams—those dreams which the French surrealists and certain German and Flemish expressionists pursued recently with an ardour that might at one moment have caused uneasiness.

The dream is not a product of darkness. The dream, at once an echo and a reflection, remains controlled, ordered by the luminous and harmonious life, even though it be above our immediate conscience.

It is said that a critic—shall I say of the left centre?—addressed the proprietor of the gallery in the following terms:—

"You have here the works of 'mad amateurs.' I can give you the addresses of 'mad professionals.'"

That is precisely where he can be challenged.

I am inclined to believe that Dr. Marie had the possibility of selecting, from among his patients, works resulting from the sole desire to paint, rather than a need for some sort of expression, not even necessarily plastic, caused by their insanity. Purely plastic intention begins to manifest itself in the mad amateur there, where we find, as in the lucid and cultivated artist, nothing but line, mass, volume and colour; there, where the complementary resource to explanation, indication, written commentary ceases.

Some drawings and watercolours by engineers who have been drawn beyond their sphere by differential calculus approach most nearly to a fairly pure dream;



L'AMI SERGE ET MON FILS GUY By Per Krohg

Letter from Paris

though even here we are seldom spared the written commentary, as vain as some of the cinema headings.

We note, finally, that the madman is more often, more gratuitously an artist than his sister, the mad woman. Ophelia, the watercolourist or pastellist, does nothing but impose upon us her drawn *mémoires*. It is the same with the child who is impatient to express himself before knowing how to read. And it is also true of the great and very reasonable Japanese of the best period, chroniclers above all, who touch with the most perfect cold blood upon themes which our Western reason never deals with without a shudder of anguish or a moral scruple.

Shall we allow ourselves to be so far carried away as to desire to visit one day some international exhibitions of madness? A paranoic inmate of Charenton sketched out such a project in that poignant auto-graph journal which he alone edited, "Gazette de Madapolis"—a title which alone proves his good language, his classical culture, and an elegant Anglomania.

To conclude, it is hardly possible to speak of an art of the mad. The madman is *discordant*, and the value of art lies in its *accords*. In spite of this I must underline the aptitude of privileged madmen to retain for some time a rhythm fortuitously acquired, from which fairly powerful decorative elements result. It is almost inevitable, alas! that the effect should be almost immediately spoilt, corrupted, ruined by an absurd distribution of colour having no connection with the design.

Beyond these questions presented by the art—let us use the word—of the madmen, who are like the elementary school children of unconscious painting, there arise all the higher, more troubling questions of the effects of the incontestable genius of several paranoiacs at large, who reason as authoritatively as a Leonardo da Vinci, or peculiar to others among the greatest who, it is said, owe something of their absolute grandeur—that is to say, the highest moments of genius—to this scourge of humanity, which is, if I may say so, the terror of sensual voluptuousness.

Though circumstances did not permit him to be the first to realize it, the merit of this idea of an eclectic exhibition of the works of madmen belongs to our friend Ian Slavinsky. London recently welcomed this perfect artist, deeply versed in folklore, a singer, an eminent writer on music. Paris knows him to be the surest discoverer of young plastic talent. His gallery *Au Sacre du Printemps*, at the Croix-Rouge cross-roads—a little temple of modern painting and music, a real "House of Living Art"—is one

of the high resorts of the mind without snobbism. Creators and reliable directors of taste meet there at every private view, and it is not unusual to find there at tea-time a Princesse de Polignac, a Princesse Eugène or Marie Murat and Count Elie de Beaumont—an enthusiastic Mæcenas without weakness, the organizer of the *Cigale* nights, where Jean Cocteau did Shakespeare and the Greek tragedies over again, just as La Fontaine revived Æsop and Boccaccio to the measure of the "Grand Siècle."

I do not believe that any modern gallery disposing of equally powerful means has revealed so much in so short a time. After many one-man shows, not one of which left us indifferent, Ian Slavinsky has brought together today in the setting of his sure taste the recent work of Menkès, whom, thanks to Slavinsky's modesty, I had the honour to present to the Parisian public; Menkès, who imposed himself from the first moment by the abundance of his verve contained in the limits of plasticity; Menkès,

who continues Henri Matisse after the bitter researches of a Derain or the Luciferian meditations of a Picasso; Menkès, who was discovered by the idealistic proprietor of the *Sacre* and who has already made the fortune of several dealers. Menkès is in good company with Galanis—a painter and engraver whose modernity is founded on the great tradition, a teacher whose elegance does not affect the enthusiasm of his young pupils at the Académie Ranson—and Kars, one of the best painters of nudes, who knows how to renew his work without disconcerting the friends he made in his first days, when he appeared in Paris as something picturesquely dependent on the climate of his native Bohemia. On the same walls Henry Hayden is successfully prolonging his exhibition of the Galerie Dirisse. We also see some very personal compositions in construction and tonality by Floch—works that are perhaps not highly finished but full of powerful indications, as in the astonishing "Cuisinier" of Salvado. Finally, there has just been opened the first exhibition of Dobrijcky, a Slav who is already entirely himself and whom the influence of Van Gogh placed within the perimeter of a realism that most nearly approaches the state of the robust visionaries. The fact that this young artist did not discover Van Gogh in a museum is characteristic. He felt the influence of a climate in the course of a long journey. Flanders brought him to the sentiment of Van Gogh. This was so strong that at one moment he joined the Flemish Expressionists, who still try to reclaim him. But he escaped from them, advancing surely along the path of a fine classic order, never scholastic, never *museal*,



LE PORT (PROVENCE)

Léopold Lévy

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

to use the German expression; refreshed, on the contrary, by genuine humanity—a perfect condition, if humanism without humanity is nothing but an illustration of pedantry.

I will soon talk to you about the new Galerie Zac, where already, together with the poetic works of the lamented Eugène Zac, there are assembled some Derains of the first order, one of which is very early, dating from the Fauve period—the period of Pure Colour, of the Colour Volume dear to Matisse; the time when Derain and Vlaminck, aged barely twenty, gained respect for that Ecole de Chaton which they alone represented. There are Renoirs, a Gauguin free from agony of the first days of Pont Aven (1885), an Utrillo of the time when this master (who if he is not entirely in his right senses is not mad, or if he is mad remains the painter he always was) was not yet dangerously solicited by a success the measure of which escapes him; refreshing Dufys; Charles Dufresnes; La Sarnas, a painter who profits a little by Dufy and Dufresne; pathetic figures by the sculptor Gargalles, a too much neglected master of that school of the Rue Ravignan, which has now dispersed somewhat through the apotheosis of Picasso.

If Mme. Zac has opened this pretty new gallery within ten metres of St. Germain-des-Près—next to the smart Stendhalian library, Le Divan; near a police-station, where the constables stagger at Chagall's féeries—other galleries have also been reorganized. Among others there is the Galerie d'Hodelbert (formerly Barbazauges) in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Here you will find recent canvases and watercolours by that great and delicate Léopold Lévy, already known to my readers—a painter full of fugue, but who owes to his high culture that aristocratic concern for the limit, which makes him appear to us like a prince of taste, without sterility. Nobody illustrates that aphorism

for which I have a weakness, "Choice requires abundance," better than Léopold Lévy.

The past term has marked the expansion of the talent of Per Krohg and his characteristic success. Per Krohg is one of those Norwegians whose life and work reply victoriously to the jests of M. Bedel, the last Prix Goncourt of whom the rather fastidious French have no reason to be too proud. Indeed, Per Krohg figures in "Jerome, 60 latitude Nord," together with his late father (Christiansen), who taught for a long time in the Académie Colarossi, where Per Krohg was a student—at thirteen! M. B:del, whose Norwegian comrades at Montparnasse allowed him to realize a fortune by teaching them the art of changing Cézannes for gold crowns, laughs at the world when he paints certain Scandinavians as well as troubled Hurons of erotic ideology; in short, like pedantic barbarians.

Has M. Bedel ever considered the pictures of Per Krohg without the prejudices by the French of the café? I think not. They would have diverted him from many a slanderous error by their active grace of human works with a fervent realism embracing, according to the sovereign order of the most spontaneous poetry, all that is fantastic and fairy-like in everyday life. The material employed by Per Krohg, attaining variety in a sober economy of tones, literally permits one to evoke the "Marriage of Heaven and Earth"; the nutritive forces of the mud are the steps in the celestial staircase. A reverend plastician, Per Krohg remains a poet a little after the manner of a Robert Burns in the most modest scenes of intimacy.

In conclusion, I must mention in passing the eagerness with which our artistic youth visited the two exhibitions of Eugène Delacroix (the centenary of Romanticism); the drawings, Rue Volney, and some paintings at Paul Rosenberg's, who only suffers the society of the heroes of art.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

THE most important artistic event recently was the Renoir exhibition at Flechtheim, including the master's last works, most of which had remained in the possession of the family, and have not yet been publicly shown even in Paris. It is very fine of Renoir's sons to offer these valuable works first to Germany. They came here themselves and a worthy celebration was arranged. These pictures do not present anything essentially new in relation to Renoir's known work, but they are filled with a spirit of consummation, with a remoteness from actuality, which acts like a presentment of immortality. Renoir looks at the subjects which interest him more and more from the point of view of their repose, their dematerialization, their inner still-life. Whether it be a bunch of flowers, a little landscape, a combination of nudes, the Judgment of Paris, or a concert, it is always more a memory of life than life itself. The limit in the direction of a sweet colour-intoxication is, perhaps, sometimes overstepped, because in this style it is essential that colour should speak out its decorative value.

But we feel at once the counter-pressure in the assurance of form which Renoir had at heart quite as much as, for instance, Cézanne, only in quite a different way; not so primitively nor so *a priori*. Renoir stands in the great tradition of French formal artists which began with Poussin and Boucher. Monet and Sisley, among the Impressionists, were purely men of illusions. But Cézanne, and also Degas and Renoir, carry in themselves an ideal of form which regulates their dreams in a wonderful way. Hence their plasticity. Flechtheim has already on a previous occasion shown Degas' sculpture; this time he adds a few sculptures by Renoir which show the search for form in an impressive style, not unconnected with the rotundity and fullness of the model, such as Renoir loved to depict, perhaps too onesidedly, in his paintings. It is possible to follow the theme of the mother suckling her child in its variations from painting to sculpture and back again to painting. A fragrance of delight, which Renoir specified as the goal of his life, runs through the exhibition.





Letter from Berlin

Mention should also be made of a collection of drawings, watercolours, and pastels by Van Gogh which is presented by a new art dealer in the Victoriastrasse, Otto Wacker. The foundation of this business is again symptomatic. Wacker is a so-called *marchand amateur* who has collected with zeal and now, in a grand style, offers his collection for sale with other similar works of art. There is also a self-portrait of Van Gogh in oils, which has not been exhibited for, perhaps, twenty years, and dates from Arles, showing the inner connection with the master's drawings. It is written with brush and colour just as he

would put his drawings down on paper—firm and hard, short and strong in modelling. The drawings themselves have probably never been seen in such large numbers at once. They stretch over his whole life. They follow the whole evolution from naturalistic representation to stylized form. They develop from propaganda for poor miners and workers to the simple setting forth of a landscape or scenery seen through the window. At first they show a reminiscence of Millet, and at last they are the most independent fantasies on combinations of roofs and trees. There are no drawings quite so calligraphic as these. The subject becomes like matter in the mind of the artist which he transforms, of his own accord relating it and describing it, even though it be a gigantic field in the style of the old Netherland

painters over which furrows, blades of grass, palings and trees are woven with the pen like a carpet to the farthest vanishing point. At this period Van Gogh was fond of following the Japanese example in employing the reed pen which produces a powerful and elastic line, bringing appearance to an optical clearness conformable to his handwriting. The older he grows the freer becomes this stroke of the pen. He repeats Southern vegetation only in great curves and swelling lines filled with that elemental and explosive force which we know from his later works. Black and white is abstraction. With him it is not an abstraction into an idealistic distance

or a spiritual world of forms, but back into the force of nature, which worked on great lines in creating objects. In his work there is no separation between the languages of drawing and painting; we see here Gauguin's drawing of the Arlesienne which engaged Van Gogh so much that he based his own famous picture of the Arlesienne on it, translating it entirely into his own manner. Each of his pictures has the qualities of a drawing. He writes with colour just as he would write with the reed pen. But the enormous influence exercised by his work rests on the fact that, unlike Cézanne for instance, who seeks outward

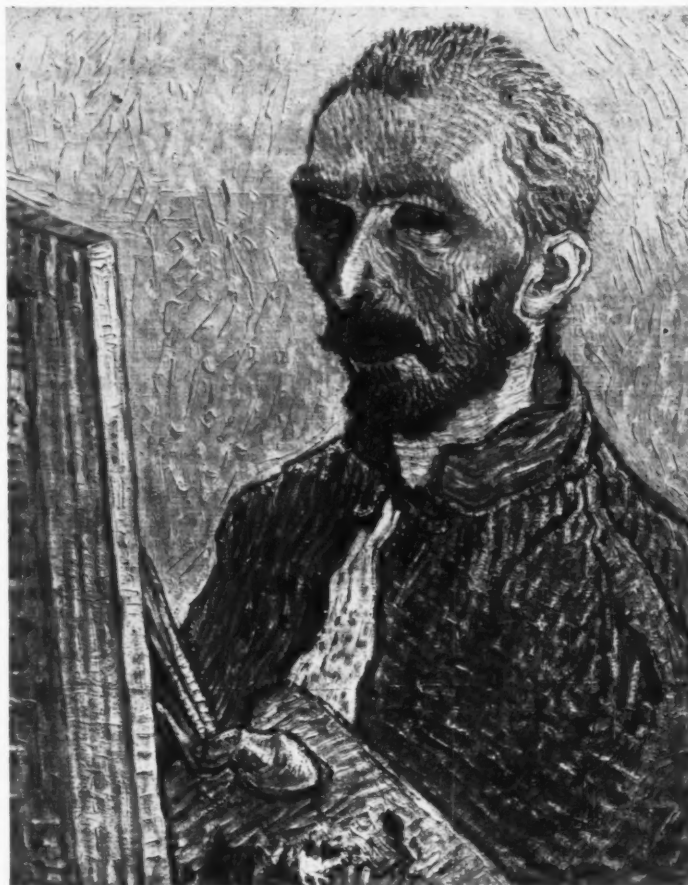
form in Impressionistic appearance, he grasps at once with his draughtsman's eye the latent form in objects, and represents it in an unbroken series from paper to canvas.

★ ★ ★

Verdi's early opera, "Luisa Miller," based on Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe," was first produced in 1849 in Italian. So far no German rendering had been attempted, partly out of consideration for Schiller, whose play appears to us very distorted; partly for Verdi, whose later operas have conquered the world in a far better condition. The Berlin State Opera has now produced it in German for the first time. It was given in the Klemperer branch of the opera with moderately good singers and bad management, but it was so well worked out musically that the lively interest of the public was aroused,

and the fine third act was rewarded with great applause.

Verdi has composed four operas on Schiller's plays: the "Maid of Orleans," the "Räuber," "Kabale und Liebe," and "Don Carlos." Schiller inspired him chiefly in his early period. Shakespeare, on the other hand, attracted him later. "Macbeth" alone belongs to the early period; he attempted "King Lear" and the "Tempest" without success; but his two last works, "Othello" and "Falstaff," are again derived from this source. It must not be thought that it was the revolutionary, youthfully stormy trait in Schiller that attracted him. He has no more composed revolution in these pieces than Mozart in "Figaro." He liked the



SELF-PORTRAIT

Vincent Van Gogh

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

dramatic action and made no objection when his librettists suppressed Schiller's characteristics in favour of a simple representation of the conflicts of love and intrigue. Cammarano, who is famous for his libretto for "Lucia," and enjoys a less favourable memory here on account of his libretto for the "Troubadour," had suggested the subject of "Kabale und Liebe" to Verdi. There was a very animated correspondence about the scenario and Verdi, as usual, had a considerable share in the making of it. It is strange to read in one place that Cammarano says that the difficulties of the relation between poetry and music would be alleviated if the Utopian case could come about that the poet and the composer should be one and the same person. He little knew that this Utopian case had in fact long ago come about in Germany, the land of his Schiller, and that a certain Richard Wagner was already writing the words for his operas at that time.

Cammarano treats Schiller's material according to Italian requirements. He entitles the three acts, "Love," "Intrigue," and "Poison," and erects a scaffolding out of the necessary units of this story of love and intrigue. In order to find opportunities for choruses and ensembles he sometimes arranges the figures differently. The first great finale was given in the scene where the President comes into Miller's house and creates the great disturbance. Verdi himself wished this to remain exactly as it is in Schiller. Some figures, like the court marshal and Lady Milford, have been left out entirely. On the other hand, the Duchess of Ostheim, who is only casually mentioned by Schiller, appears actually as Ferdinand's official bride. Cammarano has invented one or two things, as, for instance, the detailed description of the crime perpetrated by the President in order to ascend the throne. That provides the subject for a fairly long scene between the President and Wurm, which, curiously enough, was again left out in our production. It is amusing that Cammarano robs Miller of his 'cello in his translation into the opera, and makes him into an old soldier. Of course, all the characters have been polished, nothing remains of the old Miller's boorishness, the homely German trait is wanting, as in any case it would not adapt itself to the style of the Italian opera.

But, after all, we are only interested in Verdi. This opera comes just before the great trio of "Rigoletto," "Troubadour," "Traviata," when his genius manifested itself. It is as though, in composing these three acts, he was rapidly developing towards his greatness. At first it is almost

conventional. He writes an overture on a *motif* in the third act, working in the themes in a symphonic scheme. Then follow recitatives and airs, which adhere in parts to the pleasant lines of Donizetti, but cause one to prick up one's ears at times to the peculiarly compressed rhythm and the feathery agility of the melody which afterwards became Verdi's charm. We are still wavering between anger at the disfigurement of Schiller and joy at the budding of Verdi's genius. It is difficult to support a melody that ought to come out of the depths of fate and yet dances along in the light and ready measure of the Italian style. Then comes the great finale, and astonishes us for the first time. There is consummate art in the way the running lines of the quartet, and sometimes quintet, are built up into a tremendous ensemble, in which the chorus appears in sharply chiselled accords which afterwards became famous in all Verdi's finales. Henceforth ideas crowd upon one another. We do not yet find the wealth with which Verdi was to treat duets of bass and soprano, or tenor and soprano solos, but the touch that points to his hand is present everywhere. The chorus at the beginning of the second act takes up some lines out of the "Bal Masqué." Certain bass melodies early betray his inclination. Plaintive sequences on the wind instruments arise like foreshadowings of "Traviata" or the fourth act of "Don Carlos."

Most remarkable is a quartet introduced by the extraordinary *Melismen* of Luisa, which develops itself entirely without accompaniment, a piece of musical daring without parallel at that time. The highest point is reached in the third act. Here Verdi attains the intensity of invention and emotion and fills the duets between bass and soprano, and tenor and soprano, with his personal fire. The scene between Luisa and Miller is bursting with melody. Luisa's prayer is of pure emotion unsurpassed in later years. In the death scene between Fernando and Luisa melodious phrases of such powerful ecstatic passion and compressed harmonies chase and inflame one another that we recognize more than once the last step leading to the magnificent "Traviata." Verdi closes this opera lyrically as he originally closed "Rigoletto." It is a *terzetto* between Miller, Fernando, and Luisa of such delicate melodious bloom, so touching in the soft gradation of the three voices, that we approach both his heart and his genius. And this is worth while. Whether the whole is worth while is another question. Göhler has made the translation, wavering between Schiller and the music. The wavering is the rest of our impression.

BOOK REVIEWS

ENGLISH MEDIEVAL PAINTING, by TANCRED BORENIUS and E. W. TRISTRAM. (Pantheon Casa Editrice, Florence; The Pegasus Press, Paris.) £4 14s. 6d.

In the preface of this book, which is of the first importance and supplies a long-felt need, the authors have been good enough to refer to my part in organizing the Exhibition of British Primitives which took place at Burlington House in 1923. What they omit to disclose, however, is that my interest in the subject was first aroused by Dr. Borenius himself, and that the original conception of such an exhibition was almost entirely his.

With becoming modesty they likewise omit to acknowledge the unique record of pioneering work in this particular field by Professor Tristram, who for more than twenty years has devoted his incomparable pencil and pen to creating a permanent record of the scanty and perishable examples of British Primitive painting which have survived until our day. Associated with him throughout has been Professor W. R. Lethaby, perhaps the original and most authentic voice of those crying in the wilderness to a generation which has been all too unheeding of its national achievements and inheritance in the sphere of medieval

Book Reviews

art. Amongst later pioneers the name of Mr. W. G. Constable stands conspicuous, on account of his admirable and scholarly survey of the whole subject in the official catalogue of the British Primitive Exhibition, and I feel sure the authors of the present volume will be the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to him.

The publishers, of whose ambitious scheme for an International Art History this volume is the first instalment, are certainly to be congratulated on the successful launching of their enterprise. The book, with its sixty pages of text, and over one hundred plates, forms a comprehensive and indispensable record, up to date, of all important examples of British medieval painting which are known to have survived. Others, no doubt, will be discovered in time, but it is a remarkable and somewhat melancholy fact that hardly any fresh paintings of importance have been reported since the exhibition of 1923, although it had been hoped and expected that the public interest then aroused would have led to the finding of many additional examples which had hitherto been overlooked.

It is to be feared, however, that the Commissioners of Henry VIII and Elizabeth did their fell work only too well, and very few "pictures superstitious," which escaped their iconoclastic zeal, survived the purge, a century later, of William Dowling and "Blue Dick of Thanet."

Indeed, so thorough and relentless was the destruction that we ought, perhaps, to feel thankful that sufficient material still remains in England to make possible such a work as Dr. Borenus and Professor Tristram have succeeded in producing. Theirs has been a pious task, and they have placed us under obligation by the effective manner in which they have discharged it. Once again, and none too soon, they have broken the almost complete silence of centuries with regard to our British Primitive School, for, as Mr. Constable remarks, "England has never had her Vasari," and in this respect, as in so many others, the national habit of reticence about ourselves, varied only by bursts of self-depreciation, has engendered the hitherto settled belief that English painting was almost non-existent in the Middle Ages.

This book, at any rate, disposes effectually of the view, once so doggedly held, that if medieval paintings in England are good they cannot be English, and that if they are English they cannot be good. Moreover, the authors go further and reinforce the theory, so powerfully developed by German authorities like Count Vitzthum and Dr. Clemen, that, so far from English painting of the fourteenth century being a mere derivative of the Cologne School, the latter, in fact, received its inspiration from England. Professor Lindblom has also demonstrated the extent of English influence upon medieval painting in Scandinavia. There is nothing surprising in all this, and indeed it would be unreasonable to suppose that England, which at that epoch was famed for the high quality of its illuminated MSS., its alabaster sculpture, its "Opus Anglicanum," and its stained glass—all of which were in great demand throughout Europe—was incapable of producing fine pictures as well.

When and where English painting had its origin we have insufficient knowledge to pronounce, but we know at least that in the seventh century the famous Archbishop Wilfred caused a "great variety of pictures and colours" to be prepared for the adornment of York Minster, which has just celebrated the thirteenth century of its foundation.

Nothing, of course, survives of these, or other pre-conquest paintings, but we can form some conception of their style and quality from such illuminated MSS. as the "Lindisfarne Gospels" and the "Benedictional of St. Æthelwold." Certainly it was not a negligible art—even if somewhat denationalized by Byzantine influence—and by the thirteenth century a vigorous and essentially English School had become firmly established, notably at St. Albans and Winchester, and had found almost perfect expression in the lovely "Chichester Roundel" which is the finest surviving flower of English medieval painting.

To this period, which it must not be forgotten was long antecedent to the vaunted age of Cimabue and Giotto, belonged also the famous "Painted Chamber" of Henry III at Westminster, the destruction of which in the fire of 1834 was perhaps the greatest disaster in the history of British Art.

A striking feature of English painting of this epoch, so characteristic of our national temper in other directions, was its frequently secular character. The prohibitions of the Church, which rigorously restricted Italian painting to religious subjects on narrow traditional lines, were not effective in England, and such stirring and topical events as the Third Crusade, and "The King rescued by his Dogs from Seditious Subjects," were depicted in all the bravery of colours and gilt gesso by William of Westminster and his assistants. Purely romantic themes, like the story of Tristram and Iseult, were also popular and the interiors of our great churches and palaces must have been a blaze of gilding and racy colour which can scarcely be imagined from their drab appearance today. The patient labours of Professor Lethaby at Westminster Abbey, during the past decade, have, it is true, restored to us glimpses of its original splendour, but these will soon again vanish before the assaults of London's atmosphere.

The spirit of independence and original thought, which manifested itself as early as the thirteenth century, found, a hundred years later, fresh and striking expression after the epoch-making appearance of Langland's poem "The Vision of Piers Plowman." Here was an almost fierce outburst of the spirit of democracy which is the very foundation of the English character, and the theme of Christ as one of the common people, sharing their labours and their sufferings, speedily found expression in innumerable church wall-paintings. This section of the book now under review is of peculiar interest, and Dr. Borenus, with the help of Professor Tristram's pen drawings, has thrown a vivid light on this tendentious, almost propagandist, phase of early English art. The "Crucifixion," illustrated in Plate 72, with its curious facial types, was probably inspired by these same influences.

The Black Death and the Wars of the Roses had, however, left our people little time or inclination to practise the gentle art, and, with the exception of rough work in country churches, dealing appropriately with such subjects as the "Dance of Death" and "Les trois Morts et les trois Rois Vifs," the surviving paintings of the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries are disappointingly few. Indeed, no great examples of our national school emerge until the last quarter of the fifteenth century when William Baker and his assistants executed the amazing series of wall-paintings in the chapel at Eton College. Dr. Borenus does not exaggerate when he states that "neither in Flanders nor in France" are there any contemporary

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

wall-paintings which can be "placed alongside these for importance," and he rightly claims them as "proof of the degree of excellence which the art of mural decoration" had then reached in England.

In this connection I cannot refrain from quoting, as an example of the almost perverse spirit of self-depreciation which afflicts so many English critics, the suggestion which was seriously made by one of them—even when confronted by the daily records of William Baker's work which are still preserved at Eton—that he was probably a foreigner and that his name was only an Anglicized corruption of "Wilhelm Bacher"! Sir Charles Holmes, on the other hand (*Burlington Magazine*, Nov. 1923), in the course of a scholarly and scientific analysis of the technique of these paintings, proclaims them as "more purely and characteristically English, perhaps, than anything done during the next hundred and fifty years," and adds that William Baker is "a painter of whom we may well be proud, for the sweep of his brush carries on the fine English linear tradition, coupled with that sense of distinction and beauty which make him a notable link between the painter of the Chichester Roundel and English work of the eighteenth century."

Certainly, now that we have rediscovered Baker, we are not going to surrender him to any Continental school, and we can applaud Dr. Borenus's suggestion that we should rather initiate a search for other works by this, our greatest English master of the fifteenth century. With his departure from the scene, and with the subsequent rupture between Henry VIII and Rome, which brought disaster to art in its train, the veil drops once more over the progress of English painting, not to be raised again to its full height until the coming of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough.

This latter period is, of course, quite outside the scope of the present book, which is more modestly defined by its authors in their preface than by its publishers in their prospectus. The former rightly describe it as an interim "review of some of the results achieved," and as such it has immense value to students. On the other hand, the publishers' statement that "this interesting subject has found its critic and commentator only now" is hardly fair to earlier workers in this field—including Dr. Borenus himself, whose course of lectures on Early English Painting, at University College in 1922, is still gratefully remembered.

Nor can I accept the publishers' claim that the colotype plates are "impeccable." The general average is reasonably good, but many are lacking in clearness and definition, and notably the reproduction of the Chichester Roundel. It is to be regretted that a reproduction of Professor Tristram's fine coloured drawing of this masterpiece could not have been included as a frontispiece to the volume. This minor criticism, however, is no reflection upon the gifted authors of the text and its accompanying drawings, and the debt which we owe to Dr. Borenus and Mr. Tristram for their happy and fruitful collaboration is a very real one. Their book is indispensable to every art library and serious student of medieval painting.

LEE OF FAREHAM.

FLEMISH AND BELGIAN ART: A PRECIOUS SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1927. (The Apollo Press, Ltd.) £4 4s. net.

I should feel more at ease if the superb folio volume devoted to the masterpieces of Flemish and Belgian art at the Burlington House Winter Exhibition of 1927 did



ST. VICTOR AND A DONOR

Glasgow Gallery

not bear on its title-page the imprint, "The Apollo Press, Ltd., 6 Robert Street, Adelphi, London," for praise lavished upon an APOLLO publication in the pages of APOLLO is apt to be regarded with a little suspicion. And yet in the quality of the reproductions, both in colours and in photogravure, as well as in the form of presentation and in the learned comment on the pictures by experts of established repute, I can discover no loophole for critical reservation.

Indeed, the only fault I can find is an unfulfilled—or insufficiently fulfilled—promise on the part of M. Paul Lambotte, the author of the principal essay on the incomparable array of masterpieces collected for the first time under one roof, of permitting fresh verifications, confirming various hypotheses, enriching the catalogues of certain masters by evident attributions, and elucidating the problems of many anonymities. Referring to the lessons of the exhibition, M. Lambotte promises to state, at the end of his review, "certain conclusions, and to register some scientific authentications." Leaving aside the misleading attribution to Van der Gae of the "St. Victor and a Donor," at the Glasgow Gallery—which M. Lambotte, in agreement with most modern authorities, connects with the art of the French master, Jean Perréal, and the substitution of Rubens's name for that of Frans Pourbus as the author of the delightful portrait of a lady from the Hugh Morrison collection, in adopting which the author merely follows the compiler of the official catalogue—the only new point brought out by M. Lambotte is the connection of the Duke of Devonshire's "Departure of a Saint," attributed to Gerard David, and "The Investiture of Thomas à Becket," attributed to Jan Van Eyck, with the "Legend

Book Reviews



THE BIRD TRAP

Pieter Breughel

of St. Romold" series at Malines Cathedral, by a group of painters among whom M. Hulin de Loo has identified Colijn de Coter.

Very important, in view of a recent controversy concerning the authenticity of Pieter Breughel's "The Bird Trap," in the collection of Dr. F. Delporte, is Dr. Max Friedländer's special contribution on the subject of this picture. His reasoning, together with Prof. A. P. Laurie's account of his careful microscopic examination of the crackle on the picture, communicated by him in a letter to the "Times," and reprinted in the "Catalogue Raisonné" at the end of the volume under discussion, should definitely dispose of Mr. Roger Fry's allegation that "The Bird Trap" is to all intents and purposes a forgery.

Apropos of this question of *craquelure*, one cannot but be struck by the amazing fidelity with which such minute details as this network of fine lines are rendered in the reproductions, wherever the plates approximate the originals in size. The colour-plate of Van der Weyden's "Virgin and Child," from Mr. M. E. Reader's collection, can only be described as an extraordinary achievement in facsimile reproduction. Nor is it possible to imagine a more perfect rendering of infinitely delicate tone gradations than will be found in the face of the "Lady's Portrait" by the same master, from Mr. A. W. Mellon's collection, which figures as frontispiece to this handsome volume.

The thirty-four reproductions in colour and sixty in photogravure may truthfully be said to represent the pick of this memorable assembly of masterpieces. The specialist student may regret the absence of any example by those very early Primitives, whose names have been lost to us, but who throw some interesting light on the manifestations of Northern art which led up to the mature achievement of the brothers Van Eyck. But pictures like the extraordinarily interesting "Last Judgment," recently discovered at Diest, are of very limited appeal, and their inclusion would scarcely have added to the popularity of the volume, even though this picture, Gothic in its rudeness, as though belonging to the fourteenth century, but showing architectural motives of the fifteenth century, constitutes a valuable link between the Gothic period and the timid beginnings of the Northern Renaissance.

P. G. KONODY.

THE TECHNIQUE OF PENCIL DRAWING, by BOROUGH JOHNSON. With prefatory notes by FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., and PROFESSOR SELWYN IMAGE. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 21s. net.

The publishers of the "Technique of Pencil Drawing" could hardly have done better than they have in choosing Mr. Borough Johnson as the author. His text is, of course, adequate; but, as he himself insists, the student must depend on his own head and hand if the result is to be worth while. It is for this reason that one can discover a veritable gold mine of information in the plates which accompany the text. Even the scribbles made on Plate I, which look like a futurist design but are only intended to demonstrate "shades and strokes made by a 'Venus' BB lead pencil," ought to be a revelation to the beginner. For one thing, they will show him that one can "paint" with a lead pencil; one can suggest not only "form" but even colour through judicious handling of the graphite.

The study of the plates furthermore reveals not only how Mr. Borough Johnson commences and finishes his drawings, whether in lead, carbon, or chalk, but how he changes his method to suit both the subject and the medium. How different, for instance, is not the lamp-light study of a head done in lead pencil (Plate XVII) from the head of "A Cornish Fisherman" (Plate XIX) done in carbon! There are hardly any lines in the former, whilst the latter is composed almost exclusively of lines. One feels a little sorry for the young beginner who compares the artist's brilliant sketches from the nude, particularly Plates XLI, XLIV done in ten—XLIII in three—minutes. It would tend to discourage him, so sensitive, so "loose" and yet so right are they! But then the author expressly disclaims the intention to teach any but those "who have advanced beyond the rudiments of art" in this volume. A note at the beginning informs us that "the publishers have reserved a limited number of extra copies of the plates in this book, which can be obtained separately." There are many plates which even those who are not students, but mere worshippers of art, will want to possess; notably the wonderful studies of old men, beggars, gipsies, and several town and landscapes—for example, Plates XXXIV and XXXV, "Harfleur Church" and "Dancer's Gate, Jerusalem," or the delightful "Washing Day, St. Ives."

If a critical note be required, the student is advised that Mr. Borough Johnson's conception of the art of drawing implies its complete subordination to Nature, and therefore to pure realism; he makes no reference to or allowance for caricature, for example.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE, by PERCY MACQUOID and RALPH EDWARDS. Volume III (M to Z). 16 colour-plates, and about 600 illustrations. 340 pages. (Published by "Country Life," 5 guineas net.)

As the years roll on more and more attention is being given by the public at large to the study and appreciation of old English furniture. Of late years the bibliography of the subject has swelled quite out of proportion to what used, say thirty years ago, to be accounted a very minor art. Indeed, works of comparative importance have been published almost every month; and we may well pause to consider whether England, in the domain of domestic

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

furniture, has not stood higher in the world than in any of the so-called major arts. Moreover, in furniture, we borrowed, on the whole, less from the Continent than in music, painting, or architecture (Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance), and so we have in this minor art evolved characteristics to which the adjective "National" may be applied with a certain degree of reason. Innovation in style usually begins in a small way; and so it may well be that, though content to follow the lead of France and Italy in the art of building, we did not fear to launch out into the deep so far as woodwork was concerned. However this may be, and of whatever place England may boast, a really comprehensive dictionary on the subject is, at this stage, an absolute necessity, and it is this gap which the "Country Life" group, in producing this work, have so ably filled.

"Aby" is a colourless, and perhaps the wrong word. One might almost say that the dictionary is to furniture what in times past Bryan was to painting, or even what the N.E.D. is now to our language, and it is fitting that it should be dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen, known to be deeply interested in the subject.

Our only cause for regret is that the originator of the scheme, and author-in-chief, Mr. Percy Macquoid, did not live to see the completion of his great project. We, indeed, owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Macquoid and Mr. Ralph Edwards for carrying to a finish a labour so nobly begun.

When it is realized that, to compile such a dictionary, not only have all the greater houses in the land to be visited, but the otherwise unimportant have also to be examined; when it is realized how many people collect, or happen to possess good furniture; and, lastly, when it is realized what difficulties of sifting must occur before a final selection for illustration can be made, only then can we duly appreciate the immensity of the task which the authors had before them. Many years of preliminary research were necessary. In 1924 appeared volume I (A to C), in 1926 volume II (C to M), and now at last the final volume. Yet, though all is now over, no sign of jubilation or content appears. It is a frivolous reflection, but not even is there a pendant to that fascinating woodcut—a scholar writing assiduously—which ended a previous volume. At least one might have expected "a man in repose"—preferably on a sofa, settee, or stool—to fit in with the appropriate letters of this volume. Throughout, in terse, unemotional language, the same methods of orderly classification have been pursued. Each item (and there must be many hundreds) is treated in historical fashion to show its gradual evolution; while in a large number of cases, enlightening extracts are given from old inventories—those of Hardwick, and the Royal Collections, particularly that of Henry VIII, being the most interesting of those drawn upon.

With some objects the details and gradual changes in shape or style are examined so thoroughly as to be worthy perhaps more of an encyclopædia than a dictionary. The table, for example, has 348 illustrations for its description, but the subject has many subdivisions, for dining tables, card tables, gateleg tables, library tables, side tables, etc., are all treated separately. In all, this one piece of furniture—if one may be allowed to include in one category billiard, pembroke, shovel, wine, work, and dressing tables—occupies well over a hundred pages.

Among the other articles special mention must be given

to "Settees and Sofas" (with 78 illustrations and four coloured plates), for this is, perhaps, the most readable portion of the book as well as being of real instructive value.

"Stools" (with 69 illustrations) form another account of particular importance, while "Sconces" and "Screens" are each dealt with in comprehensive surveys.

A number of subjects are described by persons other than the general authors, Mr. Macquoid and Mr. Edwards; and of these the chief contributions are "Musical Instruments," by Canon Gilpin; "Picture Frames," by Mr. Irgleson C. Goodison; "Tapestry," by Mr. W. G. Thompson; and Miss Margaret Jourdain's two works, "English Needlework" and "Urns," the attendant satellites of sideboards.

The names of comparatively few individual craftsmen seem to begin with the later letters of the alphabet. However, Thomas Sheraton is an exception, and his life and an account of his chief works have been admirably compressed into as few words as possible by Mr. Oliver Brackett.

As will be seen from the above, very little appears to have been forgotten. One could wish, nevertheless, that wallpapers had not been omitted, for these were not only of great beauty in themselves, but formed an integral part of the decorative scheme of the eighteenth century, particularly where the brothers Adam are concerned, for, as is well known, these last took great pains to harmonize the colourings of their walls with the furniture in their rooms. Moreover, wallpaper is an item quite as important as tapestry, which, as I have said, receives a lengthy notice.

The various woods employed in furniture-making have all been noted, some with appropriate quotations from that ardent lover of trees, John Evelyn. Even Tunbridge ware has over a page to itself, and to Plush due account is given in three lines.

Such are the contents of this monumental undertaking. No revolutionary theories have been allowed to creep in. No fresh ideas have been advanced, and these were scarcely to be expected of a dictionary; but, as a result, individual criticism of the articles is superfluous. They are merely the produce of the combined researches of all students of furniture. More space is devoted to the eighteenth century than to all the other ages put together, not because this is commonly regarded as the zenith period of furniture construction in this country, but rather because of the many new pieces of practical utility invented in this "age of reason"—a consideration of more importance in a dictionary than in an ordinary history.

Lastly, one word as to the coloured plates. These (in volume III) are infinitely better than in the preceding volumes, and make one regret all the more their shortcomings in this respect. The "Screen," "Sofa," and "Tapestry" sections have fared the best, and it is unnecessary to insist upon the practical impossibility (in the present stage of colour printing) of accurately rendering in colour the beauty of wood. Yellow or brown can never give the impression of gold; and, indeed, most metals are difficult to reproduce.

Finally, the binding of this last volume is stiffer than that of its fellows—a welcome feature to those (and there should be many) who will use this dictionary until it is as old as some of the furniture it describes, and hoary with age.

B. B.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

By H. E. WORTHAM

SOME REMARKS ON SIBELIUS

IT is sad to think, as Dr. Eaglefield Hull observes, that "the composer of seven fine symphonies and many tone-poems should be known to the great public merely by the 'Valse Triste' and by the noisy 'Finlandia.'" What is more, we have really no excuse for our ignorance. Sir Henry Wood, for one, has consistently tried to make us understand him. He has performed his symphonies at the Queen's Hall, or allowed their composer to conduct them; we have listened respectfully, the papers have written respectfully, and then Sibelius has slipped quietly back again into the begetter of the "Valse Triste" and "Finlandia." This is not to insinuate that English audiences are particularly lethargic. But Sibelius is undoubtedly a difficult person to understand, and he appeals in no way to our intellectual snobbery. One does not have to understand him in order to be in any movement.

There is nothing to stamp Sibelius as belonging unmistakably to 1928. He formed his style in the eighties, after studies in Germany, and it cannot be said that he has ever changed it. One feels that Sibelius has made no self-conscious effort to discover an idiom of his own, that he has never felt inclined to revolt from the attitude towards music which we label vaguely as romantic. This should have counted in his favour with the public of which Dr. Hull writes. But if Sibelius has indulged in no startling experiments either of form or style, of musical syntax or grammar, he has managed to convey an impression of aloofness which has prevented him from becoming popular with the easy-going people who attend symphony concerts. So he has fallen, as it were, between two stools. Those to whom music is an excitement of the emotions find him lacking in the rather hectic warmth which glows in the larger works of Tchaikowsky and Strauss, to name two late romantics; whilst the connoisseurs in the showrooms of the art, avid of new, esoteric things, have had their prejudices stirred by Sibelius's successful essays to tickle the popular ear, which nothing in the homely texture of his really characteristic works suffices to remove.

Sibelius refuses to be labelled. The only tag that can be affixed to him is that he is the national composer of Finland. He does not stand alone. Palmgren, Faltin (who have both been attracted by the glitter of Paris), Jarnefelt and Melartin are some of his compatriots who have established a reputation that is not confined to their own country. Sibelius, now in the early sixties, is their acknowledged leader, though I have already remarked that, in the sense of representing tendencies, he leads nowhere. He is, too, the recognized national poet of Finland. In their treatment of him the Finns have proved that the prophet is not always without honour in his own country. So long ago as 1897 he was recognized as a man in whose work the whole country was concerned, and he was given an income from the State which enabled him to devote his whole time to composition. His life, therefore, has been uneventful in outward circumstance. He has occasionally travelled abroad, and once for a short

time he held a professorship in the Conservatoire at Boston. For the rest, he has devoted his energies to the delightful labour of composition.

The list of his works is long, and emphasizes our ignorance. Yet in a way the public, which knows and loves "Finlandia" and is ready to be entertained by any number of other things conceived in the same jolly fashion, is right in holding back from Sibelius's other symphonic music that, in its strength and spaciousness, is inspired by the more profound emotions of the Finnish nature. There is an absence of sunshine, of genial animal warmth in the art of Northern Europe which is the defect of its qualities. Since I have embarked on a vast and perilous generalization, I will instance Ibsen and Strindberg. "Away with shams, away with lies," says Ibsen. "Le mensonge est essentiel à l'humanité," says the more balanced Frenchman. "The lover is the most clairvoyant of beings," Havelock Ellis remarks apropos of the fascination and idealism of love. Read Strindberg's autobiography and see where that clairvoyance led him. And so the people of Ibsen and Strindberg think too much, they worry, they do not know what it is to let their wits be addled by the sun. The Scandinavians of human clay are happy enough, of course, and the Swedes are a particularly jolly and lively people. But the skeleton is in their latitude; and the vision of the artist, which looks deeper than the world and his wife, lays it bare. Finland, farther away from the warm and relaxing airs of the Atlantic, is in comparatively worse plight; and besides the protracted gloom of their winters, which makes them all the more wistful of the shortness of their summers, the Finns have had to endure the oppression of foreign rule.

It is not surprising then that Sibelius, when he is most himself, clothes his splendid sincerity in an austere dress. In his world there is precious little sunshine, and when it comes it has a glinting hardness. On the other hand there is a sympathy with Nature, which the only other composer I can think of possesses in the same degree is Vaughan Williams. And Sibelius here is the grander, since the nature to which he reacts is not our Saxon countryside set in its easy-going climate—which for all its quips and quiddities is a pleasant enough fellow to live with—but the sweeping forests of the North, where winter is a tyrant whose yoke cannot be shaken off. Besides their Wordsworthian attitude to Nature, Sibelius and Vaughan Williams have also in common their cult of folk-song, which they share with many other composers of today; both indeed have such a mastery of its idiom that they can write tunes which no one would believe to be original.

Sibelius has this Antæus-like quality of drawing strength from his native ground in a highly developed form. The son of a peasant, he belongs to the land. But the artist is not bound by the social distinctions that separate the classes, and Sibelius has rather a penchant for going up into the drawing-room, where, in his patent leather shoes, our Antæus is not altogether happy. He cannot throw off elegant trifles like Grieg and Sinding. Either he writes

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

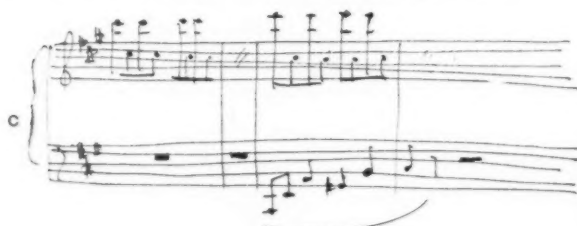
quite ordinary Viennese music, or else, remembering that he belongs to the hard North, he produces a sonatina which begins as shown in the accompanying illustration.



The second subject is stated with equal bareness (B), and he does not even trouble to enlist counterpoint to remove the sense of flatness. The second movement is



a ballad, much in the style of Grieg, and the third a little movement that opens in the quaint way as shown in C



I quote this sonatina because it is quite a mature work (Opus 67, No. 1), and Sibelius has clearly not written it in response to any external impulse. It has, too, the grim austerity of the bigger works, without their greatness of soul. It belongs to the family all right, but it is rather like the spinster and semi-invalid aunt who lives in boarding-houses.

The fact is that Sibelius has no real sympathy for the piano, in spite of the extraordinary popularity of one or two of his piano pieces, and he has never troubled to master its technique. Neither does he achieve any real individuality in his songs. "On a Balcony by the Sea" enables him to express the poetical pantheism and the intellectual pessimism that make up his character. When the background of Nature is wanting, he is apt to allow his pessimism to be coloured by sentiment, the result being a popular song like "Black Roses." Sibelius, indeed, can only give the best that is in him when he has a large canvas and can command all the colours of the orchestral palette. Then he becomes a master. Take, for instance, his orchestral tone-poem "Tapiola," one of his very latest works and numbered Opus 112. Here we have a poet singing of Nature and its lore in majestic language:

Wide spread they stand, the Northland's dusky forests,
Ancient, mysterious, brooding savage dreams;
Within them dwells the forest's mighty God,
And wood-sprites in the gloom weave magic secrets.

Such is its text. How to describe the work I know not. Even with the aid of technical terms and musical illustrations such descriptions, in Professor Tovey's words, fill the mind to repletion without giving any real information. Repletion and ennui—am I to enlist the aid of such allies? Yet, if information about "Tapiola" is only to be conveyed through the ear, I can at least assert that this symphonic poem contains all the striking qualities of Sibelius's art. The Finnish Pan walks in a theme, harmonized in four parts, which opens the work.

The sense of mystery is soon suggested by a slowly moving semibreve figure in thirds, first heard on the simple-minded bassoons and gradually taken up by the brass and the strings, Pan still stalking about in the score. Then the sighing of the forest (by the strings divisi making octave jumps in major seconds) fills the mind with the obstinate monotony in which Nature delights almost everywhere except in this blessed isle, until the violins,



now divided into three, begin the dance of the sprites in a simple triplet figure. They dance a little savagely until the god shakes the ground with ponderous feet, the wood-wind heightens the note of menace, the forest again rustles with the mystery of the wind, and the end comes with a restatement by the strings, against the comments of the wood-wind, of another of Sibelius's square-cut themes that only seem to move off a note with the utmost reluctance. This one, for example, which takes four bars to unfold itself, lies within the range of a minor third. The economy of material, the simplicity of construction testify to the composer's craftsmanship, as does the unity of feeling that underlies the various scenes and moods to his poetic imagination. Beneath the variety of colour and movement one feels an intelligence at work with a grasp of ultimate reality which only comes by the heavenly grace, although in the philosophy of Sibelius—a philosophy grounded on a magnificent despair—the bright lights of Heaven only show up more plainly the sunlessness of earth. But grey skies and the open air are perhaps to be preferred to the arc-lamps of Tchaikowsky, or to the central heating system which one finds installed in a symphonic poem like "Don Juan."

No wonder that Sibelius commands the homage of his countrymen when he feels so passionately the beauty of the life that encircles the Tavast, the Finns of the North and the West of Finland.

And since facts are facts, I will add that Sibelius was born in 1865; that though he showed great musical talent from an early age he was brought up, like Schumann, on the classics and the law; that in the end music claimed him and he studied under Wegelius, then the leader of the national Finnish movement in music. Later he went to Berlin and thence to Vienna, where under Goldmark and Fuchs he completed his studies. He returned to his own country in 1893, having moulded a style which has lasted him to this day. An early opera, "The Maid in the

Tower," was never finished, and though he has since written much incidental music for the theatre—the "Valse Triste" being one of the numbers in his music for Arvid Jarnefelt's "Kuolema"—he has never since ventured on this most difficult of musical forms. Chamber music he has left almost entirely alone. Apart from his symphonies and symphonic poems, he has written a certain amount

of choral music. A violin concerto which fiddlers never play because it gives them no opportunity of showing off, a carillon, and a march for boy scouts are amongst his experiments and occasional pieces. Of the seven symphonies, the fourth, which has some interesting essays in the use of new scales, and the sixth, are perhaps the most original.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

The R.O.I., The R.B.A., The N.E.A.C. : A Retrospect.

The R.O.I. and the R.B.A. exhibitions have one thing in common: they make their strongest appeal to that section of the public which understands the art of pictorial representation mainly as a skilful imitation of nature. It admires what is painted on canvas *as if* it were real. It is also interested in story- and costume-subjects and will, at a pinch, put up with allegory. It has definitely no interest in paintings as such, i.e. apart from "nature." In this it shares the opinions of the majority of painters, and one hastens to admit that this conception of the function of art by no means prevents the creation of a work of art—it only makes it rather more difficult, because somehow nature must be overcome where art is to exist.

From this point of view two old pictures in the Institute Galleries were the most outstanding paintings in the last show; they were Sir John Lavery's "Amazon," painted I believe in the nineties, or at least in the beginning of this century, and Sir William Orpen's "Self-Portrait," done not very much later. In both cases we had art as a representation of nature. Sir John's painting was at that time regarded as almost revolutionary in its naturalism, because the artist had actually painted it *en plein air*. Sir William Orpen's youthful self was manifestly more under the spell of the old masters, of Rembrandt, when he painted this portrait than it is today. Both paintings have worn well—so well, indeed, that one is rather surprised not to find their subsequent works very obvious improvements on their early promise.

Coming now to the general run of the exhibits, one notices the usual and, in their way, very adequate performances of the president, Mr. Julius Olsson (282), Messrs. H. Davis Richter (288), Tom Robertson (332), Reginald Brundrit (392), and Mesdames Dorothea Sharp (388), Mabel Gear (369), and quite a number of others of equal competence but hardly exciting criticism or inviting comment. The Hon. John Collier, no doubt, intended to preach some political sermon with his "The Brotherhood of Man" (193)—a group of people, young and old, male and female, apparently in the act of elevating a bomb in lieu of the Cross; but it is all very mild in conception and statement and does not make one's flesh creep. On the other hand, what is practically a still-life, i.e. Mr. W. B. Rankin's "Porcelain Room, Royal Palace, Madrid" (240) makes, because of its very baroque aspect, quite an exciting picture; this artist *does* know how to paint interiors. Mr. Archibald Barnes's "Maeve" (259), a portrait of a charming girl, is also attractively painted. It is in the handling of the paint that the oil painter should distinguish himself—but of this quality the Institute contains far too little evidence. Probably the most aesthetically satisfying pictures here were the three little paintings by Mr. P. H. Padwick (263, 279, 287).

Mr. Padwick regards painting as an interpretation of Nature, not as an imitation: his work, in consequence, expresses his reconsidered view of her, and does so, moreover, by the simplest possible means. Other interesting *personal* contributions were Mr. Harry Bush's "Street Lamp" (25), Miss Zinkeisen's "Madonna" (70), Miss Betty Fagan's "Flowers on Mantelshelf" (76), Mr. William T. Wood's "Little Posy" (93), Mr. Robert Greenham's "Widemouth Beach" (96), Mr. Dacres Adams's "Bell Tower, La Rochelle" (98), Mr. Kynnersly Kirby's "The Return" (102), a humorous night scene. A few others, such as Miss Trench's, Mr. Savory's and Mr. Jack B. Yeats', Mr. Douglas Wray's and Mr. Palmer's pictures are also worthy of notice from their different points of view.

The R.B.A. are distinctly more enterprising than their brothers of the Piccadilly Institute. Mr. Claude Flight's "Holland" (229), a geometric, cubistic, abstract, "portmanteau" painting of the Dutch kingdom, hangs like a challenge in its place of honour. Evidently the hanging committee considered themselves frightfully daring when they decided upon this position, which their late president would never have sanctioned. The curious thing is that Mr. Flight reveals himself as an artist much more convincingly and as more truly original in such things as his simple "Sketch of a Boat in a River" (375), or "Summer Sketch, Seine Valley" (337), than in this all too carefully thought out abstraction. It reminds one of the child in the popular pot-boiler of long ago, the child who "wanted to see the wheels go round." Every child does, and many of their elders retain this curiosity—which is very useful indeed, in fact indispensable. But every clockmaker does his best to hide the works, nor could anyone say what o'clock it is by looking at the wheels. Pictures are similar to clocks: in both their message is carried by the face and the workings of the hands on it, not by the inner construction. Not far from Mr. Flight's "Seine Valley" hung a large black-and-white drawing by Mr. Stafford Leake, "Avignon" (340). It is also unmistakably "modern," Mr. Leake being, in fact, the strongest modern member the Society has; but it shows on its face not the works of the machinery of picture-making, but the working of its author's mind, still a little too self-consciously perhaps—but as a picture, not as a diagram, precisely as do these more naturalistic paintings of Mr. Flight. However, once this topic of abstraction is reached it threatens to swamp every other interest. Amongst the best things in this show were again Mr. Padwick's (232), also Miss Trench's (236) (undeservedly lowered in one's appreciation by bad framing), Mrs. Evelyn Ince's "Flowerpiece" (231) and her imaginative watercolour "Near France Lynch" (46), Mr. Charles Ince's clean "Fishing Village" (75) and "Martello

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Tower" (167), Mr. Stafford Leake's "In the Park" (74), and Miss Florence Asher's "The Lake" (156), which is modern, has unity, good colour, and is more convincing than her "Girl from the Village" (224). Mr. Amshewitz is influenced by Frank Brangwyn in his art, but his "Venus Deriding Mars" (202) has the clothes, not the bones of the master. Other more modest contributions worth noting are S. Longley's "Winter Sports" (29) and "Spring Song" (32), Mr. Meason's lithograph, "A Sussex Mill" (54), Mr. J. Nicolson's etching, "Tourettes" (60), Mr. Warren Dow's comic "Daily Round" (67), Miss Holman's "Lo Caballero" (98) and "Frankie and Johnnie" (101), and Mr. Mower White's humorous illustrations, "Gabriel" (133) and "The Unfaithful Shepherdess" (132). One would have liked to mention, at greater length, a few more pictures, such as Mr. McCanell's, Mr. Wildman's, Mr. Hawksworth's and Mr. Jamieson's, but space forbids.

The New English Art Club's new premises are almost too much of an improvement on their old one, or ones, for the club has led for years a kind of nomadic existence. Spring Gardens had an historical connection with art, the New Burlington Galleries have none; but what they lack in historical association they make up in light. There is one large and three smaller galleries, and since these rooms are at the top of the building the light is almost too good. It is an old principle of art never to let it be seen entirely in all its results. An element of uncertainty and mystery is always an advantage, always better for the soul than an all too frank confession. There is little doubt that this Seventy-Sixth Exhibition suffered a little because the pictures could be seen too well. The N.E.A.C. differs from the older and Royal Societies in that it was founded for æsthetical rather than commercial



ENTREVEAU

By Adrian Allinson



THE AVENUE

By Grace Golden

purposes; it is in spirit less a marketing than a propagandist body. So many new movements have, however, sprung up since it was first founded, and so many have found admission to the club that it has, as it were, lost its fighting formation. The mere haphazard enumeration of its present exhibiting members, e.g. Professor Fred. Brown, Muirhead Bone, Rodney Burn, Philip Connard, Charles Gere, Sir C. J. Holmes, William Shackleton, D. S. MacColl, Lucien Pissarro, Joseph Southall, etc., etc., will show that much of the fighting is done by the soldiers against each other. This is a pity, especially because one has the feeling that all the members are far too well behaved to make their statements with offensive violence—as a result the general impression was that of a rather uneventful "sameishness." In the first gallery one noticed a somewhat Steer-like David Muirhead "Woodbridge Haven" (2) and a very Steer-like Steer "Shoreham" (17). Mr. Steer as a watercolourist is, so to speak, "a man of few words," but the fewer the "words" the more weight should each carry. Mr. Steer does not always convince one that his do. Mr. Albert Rutherford's "The Visitor, Fan-painting on Silk" (22) is very charming, but shows no fresh development. Mr. Muirhead Bone's "Spanish Paseo" (32) suffers rather from spottiness. Amongst the oils in this room, "Rocks and Broom: Bormes" (46), by Lucien Pissarro, is notable on account of its colour, Mr. Hayward's "Doge's Palace" (50) on account of its atmosphere. Pictures which rouse rather more enthusiasm are Mr. Charles M. Gere's "Lake at Sierre" (62), Mr. Charles Cundall's "Edinburgh" (80) and "Anticoli Cerrado" (81), Mr. Malcolm Milne's "Garrya Elliptica," and Mr. W. O. Hutchinson's

Art News and Notes



PORTRAIT OF
CAMILLE PISSARRO

By Lucien Pissarro

"Roquebrune" (73). Sir Charles Holmes's characteristic "West Lancashire" (72) is marred by a telegraph pole which holds the composition too obviously. Amongst the most attractive in this room were Mr. Connard's "Boy with Bird" (129), Mr. Procter's "The Artist's Father" (133), Mr. Charles Gere's small "The Harbour at Fowey" (149) and "Zennor" (158), Mr. Alfred Thornton's "Harbour Lane" (163), Mr. Harold Harvey's "Summer" (197), an old friend, and Mr. Lucien Pissarro's "Chapelle de St. François, Bormes" (208). Still-life provided some of the best pictures, notably Richard Wyndham's "Lily and Chrysanthemum" (140), Mr. Copnell's rather too large study of "Cacti" (159), Mr. Ardizzone's "Still-life" (189), Miss Bland's "Tulips in Window" (188), Miss Lancaster's "Chrysanthemums and Persimmons" (153), which occupied a place of honour, seemed to me to have gone entirely wrong in the colour orchestration in which the blue sang out of tune. One of the signs of the times was the growing favour of anecdotal treatment of subject matter; amongst these may be mentioned the rather out-of-date "Winter" (111) by H. A. Budd, the "Decoration" (209) by Norman Dawson, "A Town Square" (187) by L. S. Lowry, the amusing dance scene, "Every Day in the Afternoon" (329), by B. V. Héroys, and George Charlton's "Arrival of the Circus" (280)—but these things are technically a long way behind — Frith! yet.

The Society of Wood Engravers at the Redfern Gallery, and the English Woodengraving Society at the St. George's Gallery.

The arts of wood cutting and wood engraving, though they very quickly lead to superficially attractive results, are nevertheless more difficult than the art of etching in which the process is reversed, even actually, since the etching is printed from the groove below the surface and the wood print, as a general rule, from the surface itself. Etching is difficult because it requires a good deal of scientific craftsmanship, depends on chemicals, prevents the etcher from seeing the result of his work immediately,

and so forth. None of these difficulties exists in the arts of the wood print. Moreover, the generous patches of black with which it is possible to endow a woodcut and a wood engraving lend an artificial air of strength even to the weakest production. It is, then, not surprising that, although the number of wood engravers has increased considerably within the last few years, the proportion of good work, at any rate in England, is still small. Moreover, the association of the woodcut with the etching which has taken place in this country, and which leads to quite irrelevant comparisons, has rather tended to lower than to raise the estimation in which it should be held, for the public is not encouraged to realize the function of the woodcut as a large-size wall decoration, and of the wood engraving as a small-size book illustration, and the artist tries to cater for the collector only. To make matters worse, there has been a split in the forces of the original Society of Wood Engravers, which has now as a rival the English Woodengraving Society. The aims of the two, and even some of the members, are identical.

The original "Society of Woodengravers" has in Lucien Pissarro an expert representative of the old pioneer group which broke away from the tradition of the commercial engraver. His portrait of "Camille Pissarro" (in chiaroscuro) (30) is a little masterpiece. The "Modern Society" has in Gordon Craig likewise a veteran pioneer of the artists' cut as against the old-time trade engraving. Of the things he exhibits at the St. George's Gallery, his "Robinson Crusoe on the Raft" (25) and the eerie "Procession Nocturne" (Liszt) (19) are especially noteworthy. His family influence is incidentally noticeable in his son's (Edward Carrick's) "Pastoral" (3) and "Leda" (4), which are admirable book illustrations. The



CHURCH UNDER A HILL

By Eric Ravilious

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

most interesting illustrations both here and at the Redfern Gallery are David Jones's series of pictures for the "Deluge" and "Ecclesiastes." Highly mannered and artificial in design and technique, they are nevertheless full of aesthetic force and technical interest. Other good things at the Redfern are exhibited by Eric Ravilious (18, 19, 23, 24 and 27), Iain McNab (20), Paul Nash (21), H. G. Cogle (32), Helen Kapp (33), May Smith (34), Clare Leighton (59), Edith Ruby Brews (60), Eric Daglish—especially his "Slipper Orchids" (47)—and above all, Hester Sainsbury, whose "Basket of Flowers" (45) shows great originality in the exploitation of various manners of cutting. Iain McNab's "La Leçon" (22), Bernard Rice's "Beggars" (77), Noel Rooke's "Sisters" (86), and Adrian Allinson's "Drawbridge, Entreveau" (99), a large-size cut suitable for wall decoration, should also be noted. At the St. George's Gallery, Mr. Bliss's technical experiment, "Fountain Playing" (6), has succeeded; similarly successful is Miss Miller Parker's "Jane and Roderick" (89) and Miss Gertrude Hermes' sunflower called "The Creation" (82). Other prints specially worth mention are Ethelbert White's liquid "Forest Pool" (50), Norman Jones' "Rain at the Swan and Bottle" (45), and Claughton Pellow's "Hannibal Crossing the Alps" (13). In Mr. Taylor's work, especially in "Fobbing" (117), his training as a professional engraver of the old type has given him a new freedom which does not deny its origin. Ralph Chubb's "Brothers" (128) is a forceful and convincing piece of work.

Matisse and John Armstrong at the Leicester Galleries.

These two shows, especially in their juxtaposition, "give to think" as they say in France. Matisse was reckoned, twenty years ago, amongst the "wild men" of the Paris picture exhibitions. Strictly speaking, his art is impressionism with a slightly shifted viewpoint: he sought to see Nature with the eyes of a "five-year-old," whilst his elders hankered after the objectivity of a cow's vision. Matisse invents nothing: he must have a model before him. Most of the drawings, etchings, and lithographs are studies from the model, who is made to assume poses which will lend themselves to decorative pattern; which latter is further emphasized by the introduction of florid wallpapers or Oriental hangings. Matisse's art consists mainly in closing his eyes to everything except the pattern and drawing contours round it, often enough without a break in the contour line which meanders on the paper like a trickle from a water-cart on the roadway.

There is here only one example of his earliest phase in which his eyes were still wide open: that is the "Femme au Manchon" (97), a pleasant, realistic etching. The "Tête de jeune fille" (5) shows how he left out what he did not want to draw, though he could see it plainly enough. "Femme au Peignoir" (10) is a good example of the simple contour line, etched, and forming a very pleasant pattern; this is true also of the very simple lines of the "Femme étendue aux cheveux longs" (98). His manner of making the wallpaper pattern an integral part of the design, in close response to the lines of the figure in front of it, may be seen in the lithograph, "Nu allongé à la coupe de puits" (65). Equally deliberate, but more pleasant, is the all-over pattern, "Odalisque debout, bras levés" (61), the "Nu Couché" (20), and the "Femme allongée nue divan à arabesques" (21). In such things and several others the aim is clear, the result unquestionably pleasing. But there are, both amongst the lithographs and especially

amongst the drawings, stuff which would hardly do a young art student credit. Nor is this criticism in any way based on a bias against Matisse's deliberate lack of naturalistic accuracy: his "Femme au Fauteuil" (77), for instance, is, in spite of it, a spirited and successful piece of draughtsmanship. Is it lack of self-criticism on his part, or the result of mental fatigue?

Young Mr. Armstrong is, by contrast, "full of beans." The vulgar phrase may be excused in view of the fact that the painter has manifestly a sense of humour. Three pictures of his which were shown in the Unknown Artists Exhibition, arranged by the "Daily Express," were amongst the few notable ones by really unknown artists. This exhibition fulfils the promise then given. Unlike Matisse, Mr. Armstrong has no need to rely upon Nature. His tempera paintings are not done with the help of models. He studied at the St. John's Wood School of Art, but his conceptions owe their origin to vorticism and other abstract theories of design hatched originally in Paris. That does not matter: the point is, that Mr. Armstrong's work is entertaining, well-designed and good—sometimes even very good—in colour (e.g. (5) "The Somnambulist," (18) "The Earthquake"). Amongst the best things he has done so far—this is his first exhibition—is the "Rape of Persephone" (16), though the small sketch of it (4) seems an even better design; "The Elopement" (24); the "Œdipus and the Sphinx" (23), with its uncanny tree; and the "Psyche on the Styx" (13), with its macabre boatload. In this connection it must be said that unless and until Mr. Armstrong gives up his too obvious distortions he is not likely to be regarded as a very serious artist; but there are indications in his work which point to the fact that he could become one if he chose. As it is, he has infinitely more invention than his celebrated French neighbour here.

OUR PLATES

The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine, by Titian, reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. The King, at Hampton Court Palace, is fully discussed by Sir Lionel Cust.

Judith and Holifernes, published by kind permission of Viscount Lee of Fareham, is described by Dr. Borenius in his article, "A Masterpiece by Titian."

Portrait of a Rabbi, by Rembrandt, is reproduced by the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

The remaining mounted plates are among the more interesting pictures of the Iveagh Bequest, now on view at Burlington House, and are published by kind permission of the Iveagh Trustees.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Edited by H. C. COLLES, M.A. Macmillan. 30s. net.

ROBES OF THESPIAS. Edited for ROBERT MASON by GEO. SHERINGHAM and R. BOYD MORRISON. Ernest Benn, Ltd. £8 8s. net.

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER. By CONSTANCE GROSVENOR ALEXANDER. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 35s. net.

BABYLONIAN ART. By SIMON HARCOURT SMITH. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 21s. net.

SCYTHIAN ART. By GREGORY BOROVKA. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 21s. net.

JAN STEEN. By Dr. F. SCHMIDT DE GEMER. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. £2 12s. 6d. net.

